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### GYMNASTICS.\*

**PEOPLE** in general have no notion what awkward cubs they are, and how exceedingly unlike Christians. Out of every score you meet, is there one whose external demeanour has not something absurd or offensive? Yet they are all manifestly trying to do the decent and the decorous; and as they hurry by in every imaginable form of awkwardness, believe themselves admired from every window, and doing execution from thrice-sunk story to devil-dozen-th flat. Of their mental powers, men in society are made to form, in general, a pretty fair estimate, but they are often sadly out respecting coporeals. An individual at the Scotch bar, we shall say—videlicet an advocate—masters, as he thinks, a case, and his copious speech overflows the bench, and reaches up to the knees of the President. But the opposite counsel does not leave him a leg to stand upon. Judge after Judge demolishes his argumentation, and the case is given against him unanimously, with costs. This occurring constantly, our friend gets suspicious of himself, and, in a few years, joins the gentlemanly men, who are not anxious for business. But he is not to be so driven from his faith in natural and acquired bodily abilities. They are never brought

into any very formidable competition; he can stand, walk, dance, ride, swim, and skate, always better than some one or other of his fellow-citizens similarly engaged; and thus he may continue to the close of a long and respectable life in the belief, that he has all along been a Cupid, a Castor, a Meleager, an Antinous, or an Apollo.

Now, the truth is, that not one man in a thousand knows even how to sit still. Watch the first friend you see sitting, and you will not fail to be shocked with his position—so repugnant to the laws of nature. The chance is that he does not even know on what part of his body nature intended him to sit. See! he is vainly attempting to sit on his hip-joints! and that, too, on a cane-chair. The most obtuse soon discovers his mistake, and seeks to rectify the error by suddenly bouncing from the left hip-bone to the right. The intermediate quarter never occurs to him, obvious as it is. And then, look at his feet, sprawling out into the middle of the floor, as if with his toe he sought to stop the currency of a half-crown, leaping into unintended circulation! With one hand in his breeches pocket, the other arm and elbow seemingly bound with cords to the back of his chair, and his head

\* An Elementary Course of Gymnastic Exercises; intended to develope and improve the Physical Powers of Man; with the Report made to the Medical Faculty of Paris on the Subject; and a new and complete Treatise on the Art of Swimming. By Captain P. H. Clias. London, printed for Serwood & Co.

dangling over like that of a sick harlequin, why, he seriously calls that—Sitting!

Now, as it is universally admitted that we must creep before we walk, so is it equally palpable that we must sit before we stand. Captain Clia, therefore, should have begun with Sitting as the first branch of Gymnastic Exercises: and his instructions here too should have been illustrated by plates. The difficulty is not so much in the theory as in the practice. The golden rule has been already hinted at—in taking your seat, consult and obey nature—don't imitate with your back the poker, nor with your legs the tongs, nor with your feet the shovel. Sit at your ease, but not at your impudence—no sort of scratching allowed; and never cease to remember that you are not at present exercising with the dumbbells. The characteristic of gentlemanly sitting is—animated composure.

By the by, we are wrong in stating Sitting to be the first branch of gymnastics, for manifestly the first branch is—Lying. Unless a man lie well, he must never hope to be a good sitter. Observe that person lying on a sofa. One leg drawn up with crooked knee—an arm awkwardly twisted round the neck—and to crown the horror, the monster is snoring on the flat of his back! When he starts from his doze, what sort of sitting, pray, can you expect from such a liar? A soft bed has been the ruin of many men. The human frame sinks into grotesque attitudes in the yielding down, and the luxurious rest enervates and dissolves. Nothing like a hair mattress above the feathers! and oh! from the bright, balmy, blooming heather-bed, elastic in its massy sweetness, how, like a giant refreshed with mountain dew, springs up the pedestrian at the first touch of the morning light—from the shieling-door shakes hands with the new-risen sun, nor in the bounding fever of his prime, envies the rushing of the eagle's wing!

In Gymnastic Exercises, after Lying and Sitting, comes, as we said,

Standing. Some unfortunate persons there are, who can neither lie, sit, nor stand; but the generality of mankind can be brought to do all three sufficiently well for the common purposes of life. Dancing masters teach showy, but not sound, Standing. That of the professor of fencing is elegant and effective in his own academy, but formal in the drawing-room. The drill-sergeant's is better for ordinary use, yet smacks, in its stiffness, too much of parade. The system of the gymnasiarch alone is suited for society; and, of all modern gymnasiarchs, Captain Clia is *facile princeps*.

If you wish to stand well in the eyes of the world, do as follows:

"At the word of command—'Fall in,'—all the boys advance upon the same line, preserving between each other the distance of the arm's length. At the word,—'Dress,' each boy places his right hand on the left shoulder of the next, extending his arm at full length, and turning his head to the right. At the word,—'Attention,'—the arms fall down by the side, and the head returns to the first position. The master places the boy, in the following manner: the head up, the shoulders back, the body erect, the stomach kept in, the knees straight, the heels on the same line, and the toes turned a little outwards. All things being thus arranged, the master standing in front, announces the exercise they are going to perform, taking care above all to explain clearly the movements which each boy ought to make. For example: Ordinary step, in place, explanation. At the word,—'Hips,'—each boy places his hands on his sides, extending the fingers round the waist, and remains so."

Look around among and over your family, and friends, and acquaintances, and perhaps among them all you will not find a first-rate Stander. This gentleman turns in his toes—and that gentleman stands in the opposite extreme, and the third gentleman seems to be very much in-knee'd, while the fourth gentleman is most

unconscionably bandy. What the deuce does our friend in the long cloth gaiters (genteelst of wear) mean by dancing about in that guise, like a hen on a hot gridiron? He is ignorant of the very first principles of Standing. Then, why will you, my eloquent and brawny Man of the Manse, keep drawing figures in the dust with your iron-armed heel, all the time you are expiating on your augmentation of stipend? In short, the power of sitting still is a rare accomplishment; but we really begin to suspect that to stand still is absolutely impossible. We cannot charge our memory, at this moment, with one person, male or female who can do it; yes—one we recollect, but he shall be anonymous, whom we saw some seven years ago "Standing for the County," and he, without moving a muscle, did for a week's broiling weather stand perfectly stock-still at the bottom of the poll.

Supposing then, for a moment, that you can lie, sit, and stand, you come naturally enough to think of Walking. But a very little reflection will suffice to show, that walking is by no manner of means so easy an affair as is generally imagined, and that to do it well, is at the very least, as difficult as to play on the violin. Should any of our readers doubt this, let him read Captain Clias, and he will be satisfied of the truth of the apophthegm. So numerous and intricate are his rules on this department of gymnastics, that we see at once that it requires not only good feet to walk well, but a good head also; and let no man who does not, in every sense of the word, possess a sound understanding, ever hope to be a Pedestrian.

But before treating the subject according to the laws of physical science Captain Clias considers it, as we may say, in a moral and picturesque light. First of all, he well observes, that in "speaking of the walk, we mean that graceful and noble movement, by means of which the body, in transporting itself from one place to another, might increase or diminish the rapid-

ity of its movements, without deranging its equilibrium, or the union of the parts in action. To walk is to make progressive movement. The body rests a moment on one foot whilst the other is advanced; then the centre of gravity of the body is made to fall from one foot upon the other, &c. It might be objected, that, generally, every body knows how to walk, when not hindered by defects of conformation or accidental misfortunes; but our own experience has convinced us of the contrary; and if we give attention, we shall often have occasion to remark, that we see very few persons, however well formed, who in walking preserve a really erect position, and an air of becoming confidence and dignity. This movement, well executed, evinces not only the force of the body, but, more than is commonly thought, perhaps, the moral character of the individual. Walking may be considered in three different respects; first, with regard to beauty, secondly to resistance, and thirdly, to promptitude."

#### *Walking in general.*

"Walking, so important a part of locomotion, fulfils, in the animal economy, several functions to which we cannot refuse a special attention. It is principally by the help of walking that man, who moves voluntarily wherever he pleases, acquires the facility of satisfying many of his desires, and of divesting himself of the painful impressions which assail him. After prolonged rest, walking becomes more or less pleasing, in as much as it satisfies the internal impulse which induces us to move. Every body knows that if we are fatigued by walking, walking in its turn destroys the bad consequences we feel from inaction. This motion, accompanied by the exercise of external sensations, which it promotes more or less in several circumstances, is itself under the immediate influence of the sight; as is proved by the impossibility of walking in a straight line, for example, without the help of this sense, the uneasiness we feel,

and the dangers by which we fancy ourselves surrounded in the dark. In groping along, we call the sense of feeling to our assistance, and this in some measure replaces sight. We have seen before, that oral impressions, which are produced by music, act powerfully on the character and length of the walk. Walking (and particularly solitary walking) ripens the ideas, develops the memory, and generally becomes a very good auxiliary to the work of the mind. Most of those who meditate a subject deeply, really feel the necessity of walking. It is a well-known fact, that men who compose, when they are deprived of their usual exercise in the open air, feel their ideas burst forth in pacing their libraries. These sort of square steps as they are called, in relieving the body, leave full liberty to the mind.

"This exercise relieves also our moral faculties, it diverts melancholy people, and offers the lazy a great resource against ennui. We know how well this exercise is calculated to dissipate gloomy ideas, the vapours of melancholy, and hypochondriacal affections. Ideas by their particular nature, and the affections of the soul, re-act in their turn on walking.

"We know that hope, desire, and fear, give wings, that terror and fright paralyze the legs, and make us immovable, and that warlike ardour, or the love of glory, which fires the soldier, makes him climb almost inaccessible heights, at which he would shudder in his cooler moments. It is the same influence which accelerates the movements of a victorious army, while every thing seems to retard the progress and discourage the exertions, of the vanquished. Walking is to locomotion, as it is indicated by the order of its progressive motion, the most simple, the most natural, and the most proper, to promote the general developement of the strength of the inferior extremities.

"As far as regards expression, or the manifestation of the sentiments and ideas, what we have before said

of its connexion with thought, proves that it becomes, by the different characters which it takes, according to our moral situation, a principal part of mimicry; it contributes also with the latter in presenting to the attentive physiologist, the distinguishing features of the predominating ideas, as well as those of the constitution, or of the physical and moral temperament. Walking exercises most of the internal functions, and the general motion which it communicates, seems to spread itself over almost all the organic phenomena; it provokes appetite, assists digestion, &c. it accelerates the general circulation, which looses its quickness by inaction and rest, and it exerts the same influence on respiration. Walking brings forth indirectly, but in a very safe way, the fluids to the skin, and increases the cutaneous exhalation, it augments the calorification, and makes us capable of resisting the most rigorous cold. It is by walking only, that the inhabitants of the north resist the lethargic influence of the frost. By the daily exercise which it procures, walking, in fact, produces the good state of nutrition of all the organs. In considering the connexion which it has with all the functions of animal economy, we can easily conceive that this exercise constitutes a very important part of the dietetic, and that it is prescribed most advantageously to weak persons, to children, to convalescents, and in the greater part of those chronic diseases which depend on the general diminution of the strength. When it is taken in moderation, this is one of the best known exercises; the abuse of it only can injure and enervate, in the same way that every other exercise does which we take beyond our strength. We can also add, that a measured and continued walk, in consuming a considerable portion of the cerebral action which presides over movement and sensation, diminishes the more the functions which belong to sentiment."

No one, surely, after this, will deny that to walk well is at once useful and



ornamental. It is obvious, however, that the bodily dispositions and daily habits have the greatest influence on the walk, and therefore it is advantageous to accustom young persons early to a great variety of elementary exercises, in order to destroy in their origin the bad habits which they are inclined to contract, and to prevent, at the same time, many corporeal defects. Nothing is more common than to hear mothers affirm that their children (little prodigies) walk at fourteen months; yet look at the father of them, and you see he cannot walk at forty years. The honest man merely hobbles. The truth is, and we may as well say it boldly at once, not one man in as many thousands can walk. Lay down Maga and look out of the window. Why, surely, you cannot so contravene your conscience as to say, that yonder gentleman coming round the corner of the street is walking—he is just as much flying. Indeed it is but too certain that he is attempting to fly. See how his arms are flapping like wings—his neck stretched out like that of a wild-geese—his tail laboriously lifted with its long flaps from the pavement, and his body rolling about after the fashion of a tar-barrel. That, he and most of his friends imagine to be walking, but we and Captain Clia know better. Whatever it is, most assuredly it is not walking—nor will it ever be walking on this side of the grave. To get on at the rate of four miles an hour—so—would require the strength of a dray-horse. What a sudden relief given to all the rest of his days, were that man, all at once, as by a miracle, to walk! He would feel as if he had laid down a burden that had been borne since his birth day. To him, up and down hill would be all on the same level.—But, oh dear! only see him now walloping up stairs like a porpus climbing a ladder! However, we have his address, and shall send him a copy of Captain Clia.

We find it impossible to abridge the Captain's theory of Walking. Suffice it to say, it treats clearly and

concisely of Changes in Place—Double Step—Triple Step—Oblique Step—Cross Step—French Step—Walking on Heels—the broken Step—the Tick-Tack—Balancing on one leg—Pace of Threa Times—the Cross Touch—the Touch of the Heel—Changing the Guard, &c. Let no man imagine that he can walk, unless he has mastered all these manœuvres. The one leads on to the other—a new set of muscles being daily strengthened into so much whipcord; and the only difficulty, at the end of a year's exercise, is to sit or to stand still, the whole frame being so uncontrollably saturated with locomotion.

One species of walking (exercise IX.) is somewhat startlingly called—Kicking, and is thus described.

#### *Kicking.*

“This exercise consists in throwing the feet alternately straight forward, as if forcibly striking at some object in front, and it may be made either advancing or retreating. When well performed, it acts powerfully on the muscles of the back and other parts of the body. It is also very useful as a means of defence against the attack of an animal, and in many other cases. The inhabitants of the mountains, in many European countries, fight in this manner, without making use of their hands, which they place in their bosoms or on their backs.”

No doubt, Kicking may, as the Captain says, “be very useful as a means of defence,” but to us it has always seemed preforable in the way of offence. It is seldom used in civilized society against the human species, except when the object of attack is on the retreat, and it is always confined to the same quarter. We are somewhat sceptical of its efficacy against any other animal—except, perhaps a pug-dog, muzzled in apprehension of hydrophobia. We should be tardy in kicking a mastiff or a bull-dog—still more so in kicking a bear, a bull or a bonassus. Captain Clia assures us in a note, that the High-

landers in Scotland fight after the fashion stated in the text; that is to say, they fight with their hands in their bosoms or on their backs! They are no great pugilists certainly, but, our dear Captain, they do use their hands, once perhaps every five minutes, during a battle. Your Celt is slow, and his favourite figure is the circle. Could he be taught to hit out straight, he would often be an ugly customer. The boxers in the interior of Africa hit, Clapperton tells us, with the heel on the jugular; and in that amusing farrago of fact and fiction, the "Customs of Portugal," the compiler tells us of a Black killing, in like manner, two hackney-coachmen, who had insulted him, right and left beneath the ear, and on the pit of the stomach. Kicking, however, is a branch of walking that cannot be too rarely practised, and may be left to the subjects of Sultan Bello and Ching-hong. Should any drunken carter or other cannibal lift his ugly foot with any such intent—do as we did last Thursday at Newington—catch hold of the proffered boon, and fling the proprietor head over heels into the kennel.

Having thus touched very slightly on Lying, Sitting, Standing, and Walking, Kicking included, we come in due course to Running. But hear the Captain.

#### *Running in general.*

"Running only differs from walking by the rapidity of the movements. It may be seen by that how useful and natural it is to man. The advantages which this exercise produces are incalculable: its salutary effects operate in a very visible manner on the individual who practises it, and are reproduced in a great many circumstances of life. Running favours the developement of the chest, dilates the lungs, and, when it is moderate, preserves this precious organ from the most dangerous and inveterate diseases.

"This exercise, in contributing much to render us healthy and vigorous, may also enable us to avoid innumerable dangers. In effect, how

many persons have been victims to their incapacity in this exercise! How many unhappy soldiers would have escaped a hard captivity, and even a cruel death, if they had been accustomed in their youth to run fast and long. Often do unforeseen circumstances oblige us to hold our breath a long time, and to run with the greatest possible rapidity, when our dearest interests force us to the rescue of those whom we most dearly cherish; and our own preservation may frequently depend on the celerity with which we pass over any given distance. What are the consequences of an exercise so violent, when we have not been previously prepared for it? Sometimes the most serious diseases, the vexation to see an enterprise fail on which our welfare depended; or, what is still more cruel, to see persons the most dear to us perish before our eyes, whom we might have saved had we arrived a few seconds sooner."

We also cordially agree with Captain Elias in all the following sentiments:—

"Without the fear of hazarding too much, we may assert, that it is the same with running as it is with walking. If we see but very few persons run with grace and agility, we see still fewer run fast, and continue it for a long time. There are many who can scarcely run a few hundred paces without being out of breath and unable to go farther, because they perform that movement under a real disadvantage. Some, by swinging their arms with too much violence, agitate the muscles of the breast, and thereby compress the movement of respiration; others, by bending their knees, and throwing them forward, and by making long paces, fatigue themselves very soon, and also lose a great deal of time. Those who raise their legs too high behind, advance but very little, though they labour very much. It is also very disadvantageous whilst running, to throw the upper part of the body backward, to take too large strides, to press too hard upon the ground,

and to respire too rapidly. To run fast and gracefully, one should, as it were, graze the ground with the feet, by keeping the legs as straight as possible whilst moving them forward, raise one's self from one foot upon the other with great velocity, and make the movements of the feet rapidly succeed each other. During the course, the upper part of the body is inclined a little forward, the arms are, as it were, glued to the sides, and turned in at the heights of the hips, the hands shut, and the nails turned inwards."

Although never in the army we have frequently saved our lives by running—once, more particularly, in presence of the enemy, an enormous red bull, with dagger horns, a tufted tail shockingly perpendicular, and a growling roar like that of a royal Bengal tiger. We had not then read Captain Clias—but if we had, we should have made a more scientific escape. The Lord of Herds was reposing with shut eyes behind a rock, on the breast of a Highland mountain, when we, who were laden with a three-stone knapsack, fishing-creel, and salmon-rod, stumbled upon his majesty. For an animal sixty stone weight, fourteen pound to the stone, he possessed great agility. Yes—although neither had he, any more than ourselves, read Captain Clias, he was a proficient in "running in general." Not twenty yards law did he allow the Editor of this Magazine, then an active stripling—and, at first starting, he took a most unfair, a most ungentlemanly, and un-John-Bull-like advantage, by meeting us right in the face, beyond the earliest knows in our career. As one good turn deserved another, we hit him a bang across the eyes with our rod, till he winked again; and then diverging unexpectedly straight south, led him after us about five hundred yards right on end, without either party gaining an inch, like a will-o'-wisp, smack into a quagmire. Before he could extricate himself from the water-cresses, we were fifty rood of heather in advance, and within a mile

of a wood. We heard the growl somewhat deepening behind us, and every time we ventured to cast a look over our shoulder, his swarthy eye was more and more visible. But bad as this was, his tail was worse, and seemed the Bloody Flag of the Pirate. The monster had four legs—we but two; but our knees were well-knit, our ham-strings strong, our ankles nimble as fencers' wrists, and our instep an elastic arch, that needed not the spring-board of the circus—nothing but the bent of the broad mountain's brow. If he was a red bull,—and who could deny it?—were not we one of the red deer of the forest, that accompanies on earth the eagle's flight in heaven? Long before gaining the edge of the wood, we had beaten the brute to a standstill. There he stood, the unwieldy laggard, pawing the stony moor, and hardly able to roar. Poor devil, he could not raise an echo! He absolutely lay down—and then, contempt being an uneasy and unchristian feeling, we left him lying there, like a specimen of mineralogy, and wandered away in a poetical reverie, into the sun and shadow of the great Pine-forest.

Captain Clias's running exercises are called Running in Pace—to Rise and Fall with Exactness—Running in a Square—Spiral Running—Sinuous Running—Doubling the Line—Running with a Stick—Prompt Running—Precipitate Running. All these several modes of Running are clearly explained, and must all be useful on the arena of real life. Few people have practised sudden stopping, and turning aside at a right angle. But what so preservative of life, when suddenly threatened by a blood-horse, for example, coming distracted along the street, with the reins of a Den-net or Stanhope at his tail? Nay, even for the running fight with watchmen, those paid disturbers of the peace, such accomplishments are of great avail; nor can we ever cease to remember, with pensive and regretful melancholy, the delightful running fights on Port-Meadow or Bullington

green, Oxon, when Reginald Dalton, Day of Mertoun, Agar of Christ Church, Gray of St. Mary Hall, and a few more of us, used to show fight to the Oxford raffs, and pummel them into a jelly on a retreat, that, were all the particulars as well known and as eloquently recorded, would throw into the shade even that famous one of the Ten Thousand.

We cannot bring ourselves to think with Captain Cliss that the same rules, the same system of running, ought to be applied indiscriminately to all men alike, for each individual has his own peculiar conformation of body, and must also have his own peculiar mode of regulating its motion. A Highlander, for example, five feet four, with lengthy spine, and short heather legs, ought not to attempt taking immense strides; and indeed, whether he will or no, must

adopt the short step recommended by our author. But why should a six-foot man with a long fork, abstain from striding like a shadow when the sun is low? So, too, some men are by nature straight as an arrow, others lounge and stoop by nature. Let both parties, respectively, run in attitude congenial with their conformation; nor will a philosophical anatomist pretend to say pointedly which conformation is best adapted for fleetness. Dogs, horses, and men, of all shapes, have excelled. The most beautifully proportioned is often worthless on trial, and Eclipse was cross-made, who could give most racers a distance. Runners generally find out their own balance; and there would be as little sense in criticising the apparent awkwardness of a winning man, as in eulogizing the elegance of a laggard.

(Farther extracts will be given.)

#### THE EMBLEM ROSE.

CHILD of bright summer, lovely rose! to thee  
I give my theme, for thou'rt my fav'rite flow'r;  
Emblems of ev'ry sort thou giv'st to me,  
And, as a bard, I own thy peerless pow'r.

'Tis sweet to praise thee, modest as thou art,  
When waving wildly on thy native stem;  
But, as an emblem, still thou tak'st a part  
In all my songs, and add'st a charm to them.

And, first, thou gav'st to woman's beauteous form  
The gentlest name, the name to poets dear;  
For Rosa's beauties every bosom warm,  
And Rosa's sorrows claim our softest tear!

Would the fond youth his maiden's charms disclose?  
Thou, beauteous flow'r, his lay of love must aid;  
Her breath excels the sweetness of the rose:  
Her cheek its bloom,—unknown to sorrow's shade.

Joy like the rose's odor is describ'd,  
Whilst virtue, when some fair one yields her breath,  
Is said to give the sweets in life imbib'd,  
Like the departed flow'r, long after death.

E'en the bright hours, when fraught with summer's treasures,  
Are call'd, by gentle poets, rosy hours;  
They sing of love too, and of rose-lipp'd pleasures,  
And shroud each beauteous form in roseate bow'rs.

The zephyrs, as they steal o'er beds of bloom,  
Fancy depicts as little rose-wing'd boys,  
Whilst roseate wreaths dispense their sweet perfume,  
And crown the bard with bliss that never cloy.

Flower of loveliness! when thou'rt the theme,  
Even tautology its tameness loses:  
Cold must that poet's bosom be, whose dream  
Is not of beauty's charms and nature's roses!

## A WEDDING IN COURT.

IT was one fine day in September, nearly thirty years ago, that a young man of the upper Engadine, named Aloys Voghel, set out full of joy and confidence to hunt the chamois for the last time that season, in one of the highest ranges of Mount Bernina. His enjoyment in this sport, which is well known to amount to absolute passion in those accustomed to brave its perils, was perhaps heightened by the reflection, that after his approaching marriage with the object of his early affection, the beautiful Clara Meyer, whose fond entreaties and persuasive smiles, which, even on the present occasion, had half succeeded in dissuading him from the enterprise, would probably be often exerted to forbid its repetition, and transform the fearless chamois-hunter into a quiet, peaceful husbandman. For this once, then, at least, he determined to enjoy to its highest degree of excitement the fearful pastime; and with all the enthusiasm of youth and happiness, he bounded from rock to rock, as he caught glimpses of the objects of his pursuit, calculated to lure him to the highest and most unexplored regions of the mountain.

He was unencumbered, except by his rifle, and a light pick-axe, indispensable for occasionally hewing out footsteps in the frozen snow; a game-bag slung over his shoulder, contained a pair of sharp-piked sandals to fasten on the shoes in scaling icy pinacles, a large clasp-knife to dismember the prey, and the slender stores of bread, cheese, and *kirsch-wasser*, with which our hardy mountaineers support life, under circumstances of extreme peril and fatigue. The fineness of the weather, the magnificence of the objects which surrounded him, his own bright prospects of approaching felicity, combined to raise the spirits of the jocund hunter; and when at length he descried, at no great distance before him, a herd of scattered chamois, whose usual vigi-

lant sentinel, trusting apparently to their inaccessible situation, seemed slumbering on her post, his exultation was complete.

Fastening on his piked sandals, he crept silently round an icy ledge, whose dizzy parapet was suspended over an abyss, which any but a chamois-hunter would have shuddered to behold, and taking a deliberate aim at the prime animal of the herd, he had the satisfaction of laying it dead at the feet of its startled companions. The report of the piece, reverberating from rock to rock, awakened many a mountain echo, and after a moment, (allowed by every cautious hunter to ascertain that the vibration of the atmosphere had disturbed no impending mass of snow,) the joyful youth rushed forward to take possession of his prey.

His first business, as an experienced chasseur, was to secure the valuable skin; this he stripped off, and after propitiating the mountain vultures by a tribute of the offals and inferior parts of the animal, he made of the skin, attached together by the four legs, a sort of knapsack, into which he put the horns, (a trophy of the age and strength of his victim,) the precious fat, and the more esteemed and delicate parts of the flesh. Fain would he have pursued the bewildered herd into still more inaccessible retreats, but this the approaching shades of evening would have rendered too imprudent; and satisfied, for Clara's sake, with this comparatively easy triumph, he descended, singing a hunter's carol, into those lower mountain ranges, where he might safely pass the night.

Over the side of the mountain which he chose for his descent, for the sake of variety, though not precisely the nearest to his native village, lay a path little frequented, and very difficult, but occasionally used by those well acquainted with the country, as a passage into Italy, the

northern parts of which, it is well known, are chiefly supplied with confectioners and sellers of lemonade by the migratory inhabitants of the Engadine, who, however, seldom fail to return with their little earnings, and pass the evening of life in their native valley.

Along this path, (which he knew would at no great distance bring him to a group of *Chalets*, where he might pass the night,) Aloys gaily proceeded, many a bright vision of love and happiness beguiling the tedium of the way, when, on turning a projecting angle in the path occasioned by the recent fall of a mighty fragment from above, his merry strain died upon his lips, and joy gave place to horror, on beholding, across the path before him, the body of a murdered man!

A sight so rare in these peaceful regions, for a moment deprived the bold hunter of sense and motion, but quickly surmounting his weakness, and inspired by the warmth which still animated the body, with a faint hope of restoring life, he hesitated not a moment to cut the cord which bound round his neck his recent prey, (which rolled unheeded down the precipice,) and to throw over his sturdy shoulders the unhappy stranger, whose blood, notwithstanding Aloy's hasty attempts to staunch it, still slowly oozed from a deep knife wound in his side.

With strength rendered almost supernatural by hope and compassion, he flew with his burden towards the *Chalets*; but before he could reach them, exhausted nature compelled him to take a moment's breathing space, and once more to lay down upon the turf beside him his melancholy load. Ere he could resume his task, he saw advancing towards him a party of herdsmen, who, gathering round the body, expressed in various ways their horror at a scene so awful, while one of the more aged tried the rude means his experience suggested, to recal the vital spark. It had, however, finally deserted its mortal tenement, and this sad certain-

ty soon left both parties at leisure to inquire into the circumstances which had actually drawn them together.

Aloys could only attribute to a special interposition of Providence, his having been induced to select for his return a path by no means the most obvious or direct; and this belief gained ground in his mind, when, on examining more attentively the features of the dead, they recalled to his remembrance those of an inhabitant of his native valley, who had left it some years before, to follow his fortunes on the Italian side of the mountains. This the papers found on the victim confirmed; but if any property had been about his person, it had been carried off by the assassin.

The herdsmen had, they said, been drawn to the spot by the importunities of a faithful dog, who now lay whining beside the body, and menacing those who attempted to remove it. Aloys willingly proffered his aid in assisting to convey it to the nearest village, as the herdsmen could ill be spared from their flocks; but, though too conscious of innocence even to dream of incurring himself the slightest suspicion, he could not help feeling that there was something ominous in thus re-entering, in funeral procession, a place which he had passed through but two days before, in pursuit of pleasure and of fame. The latter he had lost the means of earning, by the sacrifice he had made to humanity, of every vestige of his prey; having been too much agitated to rescue from the general oblivion even the horns and more portable remnants of his spoil. He, however, felt a sort of satisfaction in recollecting, that having, in the delight of success, neglected to wipe the blood from his *couteau de chasse*, that would at least bear witness to the authenticity of his tale of triumph.

As the bearers of the mournful burden approached, early on the following day, the smiling village of S—, they were surprised to see coming towards them, a concourse of the inhabitants, to whom they hardly deemed it possible the catas-



trophe could already be known, and among whom, to their still greater astonishment, they descried the officers of justice, evidently prepared to secure a criminal. One of the bearers, whose impatience made him run on to ascertain the cause of the assemblage, hastily returned, and informed his companions, that the murder was already known at S—, and that its inhabitants were advancing, animated by one common spirit, to seek the body and pursue the assassin.

At daybreak, the brother of the deceased, a retired soldier residing with his parents, had rushed, wild with horror and dismay, into the presence of the Landamman, and informed him, that having received a letter from his brother apprising him of his intention to return from Italy by the path over the Bernina, he had set out with the view of accelerating so joyful a meeting, and beguiling with his society the tedium of the way; that on advancing to a spot which he described, he had heard the groans of a wounded person, and rushing forward, had discovered his brother weltering in his blood. His first impulse, after receiving the victim's last sigh, had been to attempt carrying his remains for safety to the *Chalets* below; but being himself weak and low in stature, and perceiving their inmates already advancing, attracted by the dog, he had deemed it more urgent to proceed by moon-light through well-known paths to S—, and solicit the aid of justice to pursue the murderer. His tale, vouched as it was by his distracted air, and even his blood-stained garments, excited universal sympathy, and roused the whole peaceful population to assist his just revenge.

On whom could suspicion fall? No nightly plunderers haunted these pastoral regions, nor could such entertain hopes of booty in frequenting a pass rarely used, and known but to the herdsmen of the neighbouring valleys. Not the slightest ground for conjecture had presented itself to the bewildered rustics, till the unexpected

appearance of Aloys Voghel with the body, and the account of his rencontre, as given by the foremost herdsman, seemed to strike with a sudden suspicion one or two of the inhabitants, to whom the honest and undesigning character of the youth were least well known. A slight whisper began to circulate among the peasants, on the apparent improbability of his pursuing accidentally a path not leading directly to his object, and still more of so daring and enterprising a hunter returning without having accomplished the ostensible purpose of his perilous excursion.

Aloys, in perfect unconsciousness of the strange surmises which had arisen among his ignorant and credulous, though well-meaning countrymen, related, in answer to the questions of the Landamman, the simple facts of his slaughter of the chamois, and subsequent relinquishment of his prey, to devote his services to the wounded man, producing, with an air of innocent triumph, the still bloody knife with which he had dismembered the spoil, as the sole remaining evidence of his sylvan victory.

At the sight of the blood-stained knife, a murmur ran through the assembly, as it was evidently by a similar weapon that the murder had been committed; and the story of the chamois, by which Aloys accounted for its condition, began to bear somewhat of an apocryphal character to minds already under the influence of prejudice. It was then mentioned by an inhabitant of S—, that the deceased had been supposed to quit his native valley, under the influence of a rejected suit to the very Clara Meyer who was now about to be united to Aloys; and the return of a rival, with such an increase of wealth as might probably weigh with her father, if not with the maiden herself, seemed to supply to the commission of this mysterious crime that motive which had hitherto been sought in vain.

The tide of public opinion, till then favourable to the youth, brave-

ry, and reputed probity of Aloys, began rapidly to turn; and the Landman though his suspicions were strongly counterbalanced by the open frankness and honest indignation, painted on Aloys' countenance, saw himself obliged to yield to the clamour which demanded his detention. Willing, however, that the young man should have the full benefit of the testimony of his own neighbourhood, and the solace afforded by the society of his friends, he readily consented to have him escorted to his own village of M——, which, indeed, as the principal seat of justice in the valley, possessed the only prison it could furnish, in the massy ruins of a baronial Castle, of which the donjon alone remained entire.

The news of this disastrous occurrence had spread like wild-fire through the pastoral valley, and ere the prisoner and his escort reached M——, half its families had been plunged in consternation by an event so tragical and unexpected. Very few of his townsmen lent the slightest credit to the atrocious charge; the young men were with difficulty restrained from attempting a rescue; but the cautious elders, though they disbelieved the fact, saw, in the train of circumstantial evidence, a presumption against the accused, the consequences of which nothing short of the discovery of a real assassin, could well avert.

Aloys, while conveying to the chateau on a hill overlooking the village, had to pass the cottage of Conrad Meyer, the father of Clara; and it was some alleviation to his misery, to see at his threshold the aged Conrad, who, taking the young man by the hand, said before the assembled multitude, "I and my daughter know that he is innocent. There is in this a mystery, which God in his own good time will clear up. He is my son, and I will accompany him to that dreary abode, which, whatever it be to the convicted, should at least to the suspected, be made a place of safety, not of punishment."

These words of Conrad soothed the indignant spirit of the youth, while his influence and activity gave to the gloomy dungeon all the air of comfort it was capable of receiving.

In the mean time the character of Clara, which, amid the peaceful tenor of a pastoral life, had hitherto found no opportunity of developing its energies, was roused by her lover's danger, to a heroic devotion, not incompatible as history has often proved, with the domestic virtues of the Swiss female character. Feeling the most absolute persuasion of Aloys' innocence, she sought, by the most impassioned eloquence, to impress a similar belief on his simple judges; and finding that the circumstance of the bloody knife was the one likely to afford the strongest presumptive evidence against him, she conceived the romantic project of endeavouring to invalidate it, by the discovery of such fragments of his lost booty as were of a nature to defy the effects of weather, and the rapacity of the mountain vulture.

To attempt this perilous pilgrimage alone, would have been rashness, not courage; her father was too old and infirm to be her guide on the occasion, and among the young men of the village she felt at a loss whom to select for so delicate and hazardous an undertaking. With the tact which enables one powerful and generous mind to appreciate similar qualities in another, she fixed upon the last person who would have occurred to one of a common soul; a rejected rival of poor Aloys, but one, who, on being candidly informed of her prior attachment, had displayed a generosity and magnanimity in his expressions towards the successful candidate, which had forever raised him in Clara's esteem.

To him, then, she communicated her wild scheme for re-establishing her lover's fair fame. "Franz," said she, "I have not forgotten your generous conduct towards one whom you might have viewed with jealousy and hatred; and I come to give you an opportunity of doing a deed

which will make fairer maids than poor Clara Meyer dispute the possession of your hand."—She had not miscalculated the strength of the young man's character; he entered eagerly into her views, with a mixture of the generous feeling which delights in doing justice to an enemy, and of the disinterested love which seeks only the happiness of its object.

They fixed on the following evening for their departure from the village that they might elude observation, and avail themselves of a bright moon to gain the vicinity of the mountains by sunrise. Clara durst not depart without the benediction of her father, who, thinking he saw in the heroic idea, the suggestion of heaven, forbore to oppose it, and undertook to assure the captive of his daughter's unabated constancy and attachment, without exciting delusive hopes, or still more cruel fears, by acquainting him with the reasons of an absence, accounted for to the rest of the village, by her natural desire to quit for a short while a scene so distressing.

It was late in the season, and the first snows had fallen in the higher ranges of the mountain; but the adventurous pilgrims trusted they might yet easily trace the path over the Bernina, with which Franz was not unacquainted, and the precise spot of which, where the murder was committed, he thought he should recognize from Clara's animated description. Furnished with the usual requisites of mountain travellers, to which the attentive Franz insisted on adding a large shepherd's cloak, to protect Clara from the piercing cold, when fatigue should oblige her to take some rest, they set out, piously invoking on their enterprise that blessing of Heaven, which, if purity of motive could secure it, they might humbly hope to enjoy.

The harvest moon shone bright on their course, and, invigorated by the frosty air, they proceeded unconscious of fatigue for many hours, passing the *Chalets* before mention-

ed, while their simple inhabitants were yet buried in repose. They reached, just as the first rays of morning tinged the horizon, that elevated point or *Col* over which the path wound, and, pausing a moment to take breath after the ascent, stood, accustomed as they were to Alpine scenery, in speechless admiration of the noble prospect above and beneath them. The lofty peaks of the primeval Alps around them had just caught the first roseate hue of morning, the spot on which they stood was partially illuminated, while the path they had been pursuing, with many a pastoral vale besides, lay yet in grey twilight. Clara's heart, with the fond superstition of her country, caught the omen, and she exclaimed to her companion, "Already light and truth beam upon us, and soon shall they dawn upon our benighted countrymen. See! our silver lake, our village spire, ay, the very stern tower of my Aloys' dungeon, kindle in the blaze! Courage, Franz! My heart tells me we shall be successful."

The travellers lingered but a few moments longer to enjoy the sublime spectacle of the sun's rays on the superb glacier which lay at a short distance from their path, whose fantastic spires of crystal of every hue, from the deepest cerulean blue to the most vivid green, mocked the tints of the sapphire and the emerald. At any other moment it would have had charms to lure them from their course, but its dazzling and unsullied surface only reminded Clara of the stain on her Aloys' hitherto spotless fame. It furnished her, however, with another cheering presage. Like other glaciers, with which she and her mountain guide were familiar, it had its *Moraine*, or border of huge stones, thrown up from the bosom of its deep fissures by the indignant heavings of the closing mass of ice. "Franz," said she, "it is an old saying, that the Glaciers will suffer no polluted inmate in their clear bosom; it is as old and true, that He who made them will not allow the load

of guilt to rest long upon the fair fame of the innocent !”

Proceeding rapidly on their way, they soon descried at a distance below them the rude cross with which the piety of the herdsmen of the *Chalets* had marked the scene of blood, and their first emotion on beholding it, was to fall on their knees and put up a prayer for the soul of the murdered, in which Clara could not forbear mingling a petition for the safety of the living. The innocent pair shuddered on approaching the spot where a fellow creature had been so recently immolated to avarice or revenge ; but their emotions were soon absorbed in the intense gaze with which they fathomed the precipice immediately below them, whose position exactly tallied with the artless narrative of the unfortunate huntsman.

To descend to the brink of the torrent, which, like an almost imperceptible silver thread, wound through the rocky defile some thousand feet beneath, seemed an enterprise beyond human agility, and Franz felt it his duty to remonstrate with his determined companion before attempting it, on the obvious danger of the descent, and the probability that the foaming flood had long ago swallowed up, and borne far thence, the trophies of her lover's innocence. Finding his representations fruitless, he hesitated not a moment in partaking her perils, insisting only, for her sake, on a short period for repose and refreshment.

He had not neglected to provide her with one of those staves pointed with iron, whose assistance in descending steep declivities every Alpine traveller has experienced ; and, going before her to explore every perilous step, he returned, after ascertaining its practicability, to assist his dauntless companion. Several of the clefts through which they were obliged to wind their tortuous course, were still filled with the snow and ice of former seasons ; these required a steadiness, and boldness of footing, which love and duty could

alone have inspired in an unpractised female. There were moments when even the steadfast eye of the bold chasseur sickened, as it caught a glimpse of the foaming torrent over which they hung suspended in mid air, and into whose dark waters one false step would consign them, and fear was a sensation so new to him, that it pressed the more heavily on his usually buoyant spirit. Clara, however, the object of all his solitudes, preserved amid so many perils all the composure and presence of mind inherent in her character, and it was only while thus generously rescuing it for another that Franz, perhaps, first fully appreciated the treasure Fate had denied to himself. This was no moment, however, for vain regrets, had they been compatible with his manly and liberal character ; he gave them to the winds, and felt only the honest pride of the bearer of some precious deposit, straining every nerve to consign it unharmed to its fortunate possessor.

The more serious difficulties of the path were at length happily surmounted ; and when no other obstacle presented itself than loose fragments of rock, or up-rooted trees, hurled from above by spring avalanches, the hardy travellers despised the familiar dangers, and hastened on in spite of fatigue, which none who have not descended the face of an Alpine precipice can adequately appreciate. Sometimes whole heaps of rubbish giving way beneath their feet, threatened to precipitate them into the current below ; sometimes the path seemed blocked with such masses of rock, as to deny them farther progress ; but in all the glory of triumphant heroism, and successful toil, they at length stood beside the now no longer insignificant torrent, and shuddered as they gazed upward towards a dizzy steep which the chamois or the eagle seemed alone fitted to scale.

Blessing heaven for their safety, they pursued with anxious steps separate routes along the bottom of the defile, their hearts beating high with

hopes and fears, in search of the object of so many toils and perils. Providence rewarded with success the pure disinterestedness of Franz, for he had not proceeded many paces along the brink of the stream, when he stumbled on a chamois' horn, which, by its appearance of recent dismemberment from the head of a slaughtered animal, was evidently distinguished from the casual relic of one either killed by a fall from the heights above, or the victim of famine or disease. After searching in vain in the immediate vicinity, for any further part of poor Aloys' spoil, (of which he felt fully convinced that he held in his hand one trophy, though not a sufficiently conclusive one to carry conviction to any but an actual witness on the spot,) he naturally cast his eyes upward, along the face of the precipice, to ascertain whether any particular projection in its beetling cliffs could have arrested, in its descent, the progress of a falling body.

His gaze was the falcon one of an experienced chasseur, and it rested on an object of all others best calculated to explain the mysterious disappearance of the larger portion of the huntsman's booty. In a niche of the rock, at a height above him which diminished the gigantic robber and his mountain fastness to a scarce visible speck, hung the eyrie of a *Lammer Geyer*, or eagle of the Alps, whose aerial domicile Franz no sooner descried, than he sought and found, in the vestiges of his huge talons, on the spot where the horn had been lying, presumptive evidence at least of their having conveyed from thence the precious residue of the spoil. With a feeling of certainty in his conjecture, and of confidence in his success, which he would have found it difficult to convey to the mind of another, he at once determined to brave the perils of the ascent (now rendered in some degree familiar,) and the still more formidable, possible resistance of the ferocious depredator, whose tremendous strength, and colossal dimensions (frequently exceeding nine feet from

wing to wing), rendered an encounter with him on a dizzy precipice most hazardous. Franz, it must be confessed, in addition to his generous desire to befriend Clara and her lover, was animated by that hereditary hatred which every Swiss herdsman entertains towards the most sanguinary enemy of his flocks; and under the irresistible influence of both sentiments, he was half way up the cliff ere he had coolness to reflect on Clara's certain alarm, and possible helplessness, should a false step cost the life of her protector.

Poor Clara, whose own want of success had made her watch with tenfold interest the motions of Franz, had, on observing him pick up something, eagerly returned towards the spot with all the animation of hope; her feelings, therefore, may be better conceived than described, when, instead of communicating to her the joyful result of his search, she perceived her guide, her sole dependence, the chosen companion of her pious pilgrimage, apparently deserting his helpless charge, and leaving her to perish, perhaps miserably, in a spot whence her unassisted escape could only be by miracle!

Suspicion finds small harbour in a truly generous mind; and thoughts of treachery gave almost instantaneous place to apprehensions little less cruel, and anxiety the most intense for the result of an enterprise, the nature of which she soon guessed, from the same indications which had prompted it. Again she raised her eye towards that perpendicular rampart of primeval rock, to whose perils she had been far less sensible while engrossed by the choice of her own footsteps, and the difficulties of her own path, than now, when standing in all the powerlessness of her sex and situation, she saw them again braved, and for her, by a being whose disinterested sacrifice of his life might perhaps add remorse to the other horrors of her death in the wilderness!

During one of those terrible hours which exhaust the sensations and suf-

ferings of years, she watched his adventurous, but frequently interrupted progress, till his manly form, often hid altogether from her gaze by projections of rock, or tufts of rhododendron and juniper, at length re-appeared, shrunk almost to pigmy dimensions, yet standing, conspicuous and resolved, on a narrow ledge overhanging the abyss beneath, and but a few feet below the never-before-invaded throne of the mountain tyrant.

All the frightful tales she had heard from her cradle of the *Lammer Geyer* (who, in the pastoral legends of Switzerland, is invested with somewhat of the mysterious attributes, and awful character, of the Roc or Simorgh of Eastern fiction), flashed on her mind; and when she saw his human antagonist level the rifle, before slung over his shoulder, and deliberately take aim at the creature, one fell swoop of whose wing would suffice to dislodge him from his perilous post, she wildly shrieked out those entreaties to desist, which might, could they have reached him, have shaken the nerves of the intrepid marksman.

His piece was at his head—it was an awful moment—to look up again was beyond her power—she involuntarily closed her ears; but to escape the report of a shot, magnified by a thousand mountain echoes, to a peal of thunder, was impossible, and in a sort of stupor she awaited its result. A few seconds only elapsed—the crash of boughs indicated a falling body; but whether that of the mortally wounded bird, or his mangled and bleeding invader, she durst not turn to ascertain. The corse, rebounding from a shelf above her, fell at her very side—a few drops of life-blood stained her garment—It was the eagle's!—Tears fell like rain, and mingled with it, whose fount, had the event been otherwise, might have been dried by madness!

Gratitude for a moment absorbed anxiety, but it soon awoke; for Franz had yet to achieve the scaling of the nest, (always placed, by unerring in-

stinct, in the most inaccessible spot,) and should he even succeed, life might have been perilled in vain; the supposed robber might have been unjustly immolated. But Franz, inspired with tenfold energy by his success as a marksman, flew from rock to rock, with the agility and recklessness of a *Bouquetin*, availed himself of a tree of some size, firmly rooted in a fissure of the rock, swung himself, by its aid, to a level with the eyrie, and triumphantly waved, on the end of his rifle, a dusky object of some size, which Clara's heart, if not her eye, told her, must be the pledge of her lover's safety! That of his generous rival was, however, now little less near her heart, and she felt that, to think of Aloys, while Franz was yet in peril, would be selfishness indeed; yet they perhaps unconsciously mingled in the prayer with which she accompanied the descent of the now cautious bearer of a rival's ransom!

It was a triumphant one, and scarce the hand and heart of Clara Meyer could have afforded Franz more exquisite satisfaction than he felt, when able to display to the transported maiden the horn and skeleton of the Chamois, and a large portion of the skin, yet knotted together by the feet into the species of natural wallet before described, thereby satisfactorily distinguishing the remains from those of an animal killed (as was not unfrequent) by falling from the heights during a struggle with the ferocious *Lammer Geyer*. Had any circumstance been wanting to identify it with the one abandoned by the humanity of Aloys, an irresistible one presented itself on examining the skin. Entangled in the small cord by which the feet had been secured together, was the sheath of the hunting knife Aloys had hastily used to cut the stronger one which bound it to his shoulders.

The joy of Clara on beholding these unequivocal testimonies of her lover's innocence and veracity, proved more overpowering than all her previous perils and fatigues, and she



sank on the ground beside the torrent, whose refreshing waters afforded opportune assistance in restoring her. With returning consciousness, however, returned all the native strength of Clara's noble character, and her expressions of gratitude to her disinterested companion were only exceeded in energy, by those inspired by a higher power.

During a pause from toil and excitement, sweetened by the purest feelings of our nature, it occurred to Franz (who had, when a boy, passed the summer amid the huntsmen of Mount Bernina), that by pursuing to its upper end the valley into which they had descended, they might emerge through a narrow and frightful defile on the skirts of the mountain, without again regaining its higher elevations.

"Clara," said he, "I am not afraid to propose to you encountering any horrors which a gloomy uninhabited gorge can present; for your trust is in Him who can make a yet darker valley lose its terrors; but from what I have experienced of the bodily fatigue of ascending yonder cliff, as well as its unspeakable difficulty, I tremble to think of your attempting it. I believe I remember enough of the *Grabur-thal* to undertake for its leading to our object, and though it well deserves its dismal title, the gates of death we know lead to Paradise."

Clara gave her willing assent, and with hearts and steps so light that the additional burden of the relics of the Chamois, and the huge pinions of the *Lammer Geyer*, was unfelt, the joyous pair proceeded by an easy and even pleasant path up the valley. After some hours of almost insensible but continued ascent, Franz deemed himself fortunate in discovering towards sunset, from well remembered indications, that they could not now be far distant from the *Chalets* formerly mentioned (the only habitations the mountain afforded,) and which the incredible fatigues and anxieties of the day would now render a truly welcome haven. These, however, were not destined yet to terminate.

The valley they were ascending became, as usual, much narrower towards its upper extremity; it at length contracted to a frightful defile, overhung on both sides by gigantic ramifications of Mount Bernina, and in some places not above a few fathoms wide. The path had insensibly wound to a much greater height above the torrent, and it was only through the gloomy fir-trees scattered on the rocks beneath them that the travellers caught partial glimpses of its white foam, as, with fearfully increasing rapidity, it darted like an arrow through the chasm. There was something ominous, however, in its sullen roar. The chill of evening stole over them, and with it that vague inquietude which so often precedes impending danger; when one of the sudden gusts of wind, so common in similar situations, began to rise, and the clouds accumulated round the setting sun to assume a stormy and perilous appearance.

A great deal of light and recent snow lay on the rocks, fantastically piled above their heads, and ere the unprepared, but, alas! not unalarmed travellers, could find a place of shelter from the fury of the blast, an impetuous whirlwind (well known in the Alps by the various names of *Tormenta* or *Gouzen*) was mingling fallen and falling snow in a mass resembling a dense cloud piercing with its subtle flakes the unprotected faces of the way-worn pilgrims, and blinding them to the path which it was to be feared would itself soon be obliterated. Both were aware of the peril, and knew it to be imminent beyond description. The road, at all times hazardous, was unknown to them; ten minutes more of the hurricane would suffice to cover it entirely, nay to obstruct the whole narrow defile by which alone they could attain the spot on the mountain side, where stood the *Chalets*; their sole hope of shelter or safety.

Every nerve was strained for a while with the mute energy of desperation; rendered in Franz almost superhuman by the thought of having by his rash

counsel involved his weaker companion in so awful a situation. Finding her at length, from bodily exhaustion, incapable of further struggle with the elements, "Clara," said he, "it is hard to perish thus with victory in our hands—but at least we will perish together. I left you once to-day, to risk my life for you, but not for kingdoms would I leave you to save it!"

"Franz," said Clara, in a faint but resolute voice, "you *must* leave me—your own safety demands it, and it is the only chance for mine. You have got strength and activity enough to combat the tempest, and, if you lose not a moment, may gain ere the pass is blockaded, that outlet which I trust will bring you to safety and succor. The herdsmen will assist you to return for me, if it is the will of Providence I should be saved. If otherwise, you will at least live to comfort the grey hairs of my father, and vindicate the fair fame of my Aloys——"

She was incapable of saying more—a sort of stupor, the united effect of cold and fatigue, seemed to be gaining ground, and Franz, having lifted her into a somewhat sheltered, yet elevated spot, which he conceived would be among the last covered, and which he felt sure he should recognize—planted firmly in the ground at her head the two piked staves which had assisted their descent, and, forming of the cloak he carried, a sort of rude awning over the sinking Clara, rushed with all the energy of despair in quest of succour.

The hurricane continued with unabated fury—the sun had set, but even had it been otherwise, the heavens were enveloped in a dusty cloud, more resembling in its minute and penetrating nature, the sands of Arabia than the snows of a northern region. But Franz was a hardy mountaineer, and with death behind, and life in prospect, what is there that youth cannot achieve?

The pass was fast closing; but the drifts which blockaded it were yet soft and unconsolidated, and a glimpse of the mountain slope beyond, lent

him strength to surmount every obstacle. On emerging from the narrow gorge, the force of the storm, more diffused, became less terrific, and a temporary cessation of its fury enabled Franz to discern at perhaps a quarter of a mile below, the *Chalets*, the objects of his Herculean efforts. He bounded, spite of fatigue, over the soft fleecy snow with the rapidity of a Chamois, and gained, breathless and exhausted, the door of the nearest hut.

He knocked long and loudly, knowing from experience how sound and dreamless are the slumbers of the peaceful herdsman; but he knocked in vain. No human voice answered his frantic summons, though the low stifled growling of a dog within soon swelled to the indignant baying of the guardian of his master's property. The truth flashed on one well acquainted with pastoral customs. The advanced season, and threatening appearance of the sky had that day caused the herdsmen to emigrate with their flocks to the lower pastures, and the faithful dog remained till they should return on the morrow for such part of their simple store as they had been unable to remove.

Franz stood rooted, in all the agony of disappointment; but while he hesitated whether to break open the frail door in quest of refreshment at least for his fainting companion, the equally slight window gave egress to the alarmed sentinel from within, who, in all the grandeur and majesty of his race, stood a moment eyeing the intruder, as if deterred more by his familiar garb than by the rifle in his hand, from springing upon him. It was a shaggy dog of the St. Bernard breed, of uncommon size and strength; and distracted as was the mind of Franz, he thought he recollected having seen it before.

The sight of the snow seemed to delight the noble animal, and divert it even from its post of watchfulness; and while it rolled its huge body in the familiar element, and seemed rather to enjoy than defy the tempest, Franz cautiously entered the hut,

and seizing precipitately a flask of *kirschwasser* which he saw on a shelf, flew down the slope, rather mechanically whistling for the dog as a relief to his solitude, than aware of the powerfully he was enlisting in his service.

There was a lull in the tempest as he entered the defile. The moon struggled with sickly glimmer through the driving wrack; and he could see far before him, over the now nearly uniform sheet of snow. But not a trace of a human being was visible, nor did the spot where he thought he had left Clara, present even a vestige of the tall staves which he had set up to insure its recognition. A shudder crept over his frame, and he felt as if in leaving Clara he had been her murderer!

He ran with frantic eagerness to and fro, racked his memory for the signs indicative of the spot he sought in vain to recognize, and in his despair called loudly on the insensible and buried Clara. She answered not—but Providence, when man's aid was vain, had sent her a deliverer from the brute creation. The dog, who, in following Franz at a distance, had consulted more his own amusement than the wishes of a stranger, no sooner heard the shrill cry of evident distress, than with the admirable instinct of his race, improved by some years' residence with the good fathers of St. Bernard, he dashed through every obstacle, ploughed up the snow with his bold front, and eagerly, yet cautiously, groped among it with his feet. His efforts, which Franz beheld with pious gratitude, were for some time vague and unsuccessful; at length their increasing energy indicated a positive scent; he bounded over intervening hillocks, and on a spot which Franz had twenty times passed over, (so changed was its aspect during his absence,) began to remove the snow with his paws with the dexterity of a pioneer, and the tenderness of a mother towards her sleeping child.

A glimpse of the cloak which Franz had suspended over Clara, sufficed to make him join with heart and hand

in the efforts of his gallant comrade. The cloak was soon wholly disinterred, and beneath its friendly shelter, Clara lay, protected by it from immediate contact with the chill surface of the snow, but of course thoroughly benumbed and insensible. Franz had immediate recourse to the bottle he had snatched from the hut. To make her swallow any part of its reviving contents was beyond his power; but the stimulus afforded by chafing with it her feet and hands, seemed not wholly ineffectual; and the dog, coiling himself, after a thousand joyful demonstrations, into a huge fleecy ball beside her, served by his opportune warmth to assist the progress of restored animation.

The storm was passed, and the moon shining brightly in an again unclouded heaven; so that Franz could deliberately seek a spot to which he might bear Clara till her recruited strength should permit her to accompany him to the *Chalets*. Not far from him he descried a sort of cave, formed by impending rocks, whose entrance, before unnoticed, showed amid the surrounding snow like a black speck. To this he resolved to carry her, trusting that the motion would contribute to restore the suspended circulation. He was right. Scarcely had he deposited her in her new retreat when she opened her languid eyes, and the first object on which they rested being the superb dog, she wildly exclaimed, "Thou at least knowest that Aloys did not murder thy master!"

These few incoherent words recalled to Franz's bewildered mind the whole history of the dog who had formerly saved the life of his poor master, when preceding with a small supply of Italian luxuries for the use of the numerous guests of the convent of St. Bernard, and had been presented to him by the good fathers; on a later and more fatal occasion, he had summoned to his succour the herdsmen of the *Chalets*, among whom, in gratitude for their services, though unavailing, he had since taken up his abode.

From the moment that Clara saw the animal, her mind resumed its energy, and with it hope rapidly revived. "Franz," said she, "the finger of heaven is in this. My rescue by this faithful creature is a token that my life is necessary to the vindication of his master's supposed murderer. Give me but an hour or two to repair bodily exhaustion, and I will accompany you through every obstacle."

So saying, her head sunk gently on the pillow afforded by her shaggy deliverer; and Franz, whom anxiety alone had kept from giving way to invincible slumber, slept the sleep of toil and innocence on the hard rocky floor of the cave.

It was well for the repose of the pilgrims that the beams of the sun were excluded from their retreat, for it had passed its meridian ere exhausted Nature had indemnified herself for a day of matchless fatigue; by a night of corresponding rest and oblivion.

Its invigorating effects enabled the pair to surmount with ease the fast-vanishing difficulties of the pass. The faithful dog led the way to the *Chalets*, with whose inmates (returned to complete their removal) the travellers partook of a rustic meal, and whiled away in mutually interesting communications, such a portion of the day, as enabled them to re-enter their native village under cloud of night, and thereby entirely to conceal their adventurous expedition.

The safe return of his daughter, and the success with which her unparalleled exertion had been rewarded, appeared to her venerable father so clearly to indicate the special interposition of Heaven in behalf of injured innocence, that he could not for a moment doubt its effect on judges simple and unprejudiced, or rather already favourably disposed towards the prisoner. He, therefore, instead of privately communicating to the Landamman the result of his daughter's researches, and thereby probably procuring the release of his son-in-law, judged it more expedient

and honourable for the accused, to reserve, to be produced in open court, those proofs of his innocence, which would give publicity to his vindication, and wipe away every trace of so injurious an accusation.

The day of trial, which, in that simple and patriarchal government, no tedious forms of law occurred to retard, accordingly arrived: and an event so unusual had collected a concourse of people from all parts of the canton. The open, honest countenance, and excellent reputation of Aloys, excited a general prepossession in his favour; at the same time the weight of presumptive evidence was such as to excite considerable apprehensions for his liberty, if not his life.

On the part of the prosecution appeared the brother of the deceased, the disbanded soldier already mentioned, a person of ferocious and sinister aspect, generally disliked in the village, and who, both in early youth, and since his return to his native place, had been by his conduct rather a disgrace than a comfort to his aged parents. His story, however, was distinctly told, and corroborated by the letter he produced, announcing his brother's intended journey homeward, and by the testimony of the herdsmen, who had been summoned to the succour of the murdered.

Aloys, on being asked what witnesses he could produce in exculpation, only raised his eyes in a mute appeal to the all-seeing eye of Heaven!—When, to the joyful surprise of all present, old Conrad Meyer stepped forward, leading by the hand his daughter, and her noble coadjutor. "It has pleased the Almighty," said the venerable old man, "to answer in a wonderful manner the appeal of yonder injured young man; and, by means of a timid girl, and a formal rival, to bring to light proofs, which seemed buried in eternal obscurity." Opening a bag, which he had caused to be laid on the table, he produced from thence the skin and horns of the Chamois, prepared for removal, in a manner familiar to the whole

rustic assembly, and entangled as before stated, in the cords which bound them, a knife-sheath, which many among them could identify as the property of Aloys.

A general shout of triumph testified the joy of the spectators at this unexpected corroboration of the prisoner's artless tale; and when the noble-minded Franz, by desire of the Judge, described in glowing terms, the perils of the adventurous journey, dwelling, however, only on the devotion and intrepidity of Clara, without appearing to feel, that in accompanying her he had done aught beyond an obvious duty, a burst of applause from the whole assembly ratified the high encomiums of the worthy Landamman.

Aloys, rushing from his place, threw himself first into the arms of his generous rival, then into those of Clara, who overcome by the agitation of so moving a scene, showed that heroism and female weakness were not incompatible.

When order was in some measure restored, the Landamman, who had been much affected by the incidents of a trial, to which he feared so different a result, addressing with a benevolent smile the happy group before him, announced his intention of detaining the prisoner in his custody until the fulfilment of that ancient and touching custom of the Engadine, which, when any one has been confined on an unjust accusation, demands his release from durance by the fairest maid of the canton, who, in token of acquittal, presents him with a rose!

All eyes turned on the happy Clara, who, receiving from the Landam-

man the flower (which his adjoining garden supplied,) placed it in her lover's hand. Conrad Meyer, taking from his withered finger the wedding-ring, which, since the death of his beloved partner, had never before quitted it, handed it in silence to the delighted Aloys, who, reverently kissing the pledge of thirty years' connubial happiness, transferred it to that youthful hand, to which he owed more than life,—liberty and honour! The Landamman led the procession, which triumphantly proceeded to the village-church, and, acting as the father of the young man he has since befriended through life, he sanctioned with his presence a ceremony, still remembered in the Engadine, in its German and Italian dialects, by the names of *Rosen-Hinath*,—or "*Nozze della Rosa*."

The brother of the deceased (whom no one recollected having seen in court after the production of the mute witnesses of Aloys' innocence) was some years afterwards recognised as a lay-brother of La Trappe. Soon after his disappearance a letter was received, indicating the spot in the garden where he had secreted his brother's little wealth. This his aged parents, considering it as the price of their son's blood, were equally unwilling and unable to appropriate. They allotted part of it to the erection of a small *Hospice* for travellers on the site of their son's murder, and divided the remainder between the two young men, whom their humanity had nearly involved in his catastrophe, and who vied with each other in their efforts to supply to the aged and broken-hearted couple, the place of their lost children.

#### THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

FALL'S was the House of Giafar; and its name,  
The high, romantic name of Barmecide,  
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,  
By the swift Tygris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,  
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,  
Had so pass'd sentence: but man's chainless heart  
Hides that within its depths, which never yet  
Th' oppressor's thought could reach.—

—'Twas desolate

Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,  
Spread out in ruin, lay. The songs had ceased;  
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii-tales  
Had ceased: the guests were gone. Yet still one voice  
Was there—the fountain's: through those Eastern courts,  
Over the broken marble and the grass,  
Its low, clear music shedding mournfully.  
—And still another voice!—an aged man,  
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath  
His silvery hair, came, day by day, and sate  
On a white column's fragment; and drew forth,  
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,  
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill  
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale  
He told that sad yet stately solitude,  
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,  
Like waters in the waste; and calling up,  
By song or high recital of their deeds,  
Bright, solemn shadows of its vanish'd race  
To people their own halls: with these alone,  
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts  
Held still unbroken converse. He had been  
Rear'd in this lordly dwelling, and was now  
The ivy of its ruins; unto which  
His fading life seem'd bound. Day roll'd on day,  
And from that scene the loneliness was fled;  
For crowds around the grey-hair'd chronicler  
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts  
Fear with deep feeling strives: till, as a breeze  
Wanders through forest branches, and is met  
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,  
The spirit of his passionate lament,  
As through their stricken souls it pass'd, awoke  
One echoing murmur. But this might not be  
Under a despot's rule, and, summon'd thence,  
The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne;  
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,  
And with his white lips rigidly compress'd,  
Till, in submissive tones, he ask'd to speak  
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.  
—Was it to sue for grace?—his burning heart  
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,  
And he was changed!—and thus, in rapid words,  
Th' o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way.

—“And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,  
With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?  
What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?  
—I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!

My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes, that in your halls was nursed,  
That follow'd you to many a fight, where flash'd your sabres first,  
That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart—  
Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart?

It shall not be! a thousand tongues, though human voice were still,  
With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;  
The wind's free flight shall bear it on, as wandering seeds are sown,  
And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

For it is not as a flower, whose scent with the dropping leaves expires:  
And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires;  
It is written on our battle-fields, with the writing of the sword,  
It hath left upon our desert-sands, a light, in blessings pour'd.

The founts, the many gushing founts, which to the wild ye gave,  
Of you, my chiefs, shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave;  
And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,  
Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

The very walls your bounty rear'd, for the stranger's homeless head,  
Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!  
Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,  
And the serpent in your palaces lie coil'd amidst its young.



It is enough ! mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees ;  
I leave your name in lofty faith, to the skies and to the breeze.  
I go, since Earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,  
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs ! are there."

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears  
O'er Haroun's eyes had gather'd, and a thought—  
Oh ! many a sudden and remorseful thought  
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyr'd race,  
O'erflow'd his softening heart.—" Live, live !" he cried,  
" Thou faithful unto death ; live on ! and still  
Speak of thy lords ! they were a princely band."

### THE POET'S HOME.

An unsubstantial fairy place,—  
That is fit home for thee.—WORDSWORTH.

THOUGH the lark is of the sky,  
Singeth loud and soareth high,  
He, the minstrel of the morn,  
Hath his nest beneath the corn.—  
Poplars, and their kind, may flaunt  
Towering in the public haunt ;  
Violets, deathless in perfume,  
Have a hidden place of bloom ;  
Then should poet choose his home  
Underneath a gaudy dome ?  
He, to bird and flower akin,  
Dwell amid the city's din ?  
Listen Child of Song to me,  
I will deck a bower for thee.

Low, and white, yet scarcely seen  
Are its walls, for mantling green ;  
Not a window lets in light,  
But through flowers clustering bright ;  
Not a glance may wander there  
But it falls on something fair :—  
Garden choice, and fairy mound,  
Only that no elves are found ;  
Winding walk, and sheltered nook,  
For student grave, and graver book ;  
Or a bird-like bower, perchance,  
Fit for maiden and romance.  
Then, far off, a glorious sheen  
Of wide and sun-lit waters seen ;  
Hills, that in the distance lie,  
Blue and yielding as the sky ;—  
And nearer, closing round the nest,  
The home—of all, the " living crest."  
Other rocks and mountains stand,  
Rugged, yet a guardian band,  
Like those that did in fable old,  
Elysium from the world enfold.

POET, though such dower be thine,  
Deem it not as yet divine.  
What shall outward sign avail,  
If the answering spirit fail ?  
What this beauteous dwelling be  
If it hold not *hearts* for thee ?—  
If thou call its charms thine own,  
Yet survey those charms alone !  
List again :—companions meet  
Thou shalt have in thy retreat.

ONE of long tried love and truth,  
Thine in age, as thine in youth ;  
One whose locks of partial grey  
Whisper somewhat of decay ;  
Yet whose bright and beaming eye  
Tells of more that cannot die :  
Then, a second form beyond,  
Thine, too, by another bond,  
Sportive, tender, graceful, wild,  
Scarcely woman, more than child,—  
One who doth thy heart entwine,  
Like the ever-clinging vine ;  
One to whom thou art a stay,  
As the oak, that scarred and grey  
Standeth on, and standeth fast,  
Strong and stately to the last !

Poet's lot like this hath been,  
Such perchance may I have seen ;  
Or in fancy's fairy land,  
Or in truth, and near at hand ;—  
If in fancy—then forsooth  
Fancy had the force of truth ;  
If again a truth it were  
Then was truth as fancy fair :  
But whichever it might be,  
'Twas a Paradise to me !

### PHRENOLOGY.\*

WHEN a clever man hits upon a clever idea, he is very likely to produce a clever work. And, as Mr. George Cruikshank is an exceedingly clever man, and phrenology a subject admirably suited for the exercise of humorous talent,—it is not surprising that we should have in these Illustrations one of the happiest and most amusing performances of the times. To predict that it must be very popular, is to express

\* Phrenological Illustrations, or an Artist's View of the Craniological System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. By George Cruikshank.

an opinion that people have eyes to see, and sense to relish, a series of graphic jokes, comically conceived in their whole spirit, and drolly executed in their very detail.

"Where is the hand," says Herder (prophetically, one should think, of the appulse of Gall and Spurzheim on the horizon of science),—"where is the hand that shall grasp that which resides beneath the skull of man? Who shall approach the surface of that now tranquil, now tempestuous abyss?—We shudder at contemplating the powers contained in so small a circumference, by which a world may be enlightened, or a world destroyed." To this dark apostrophe, we may answer, Gall's and Spurzheim's are the hands to grasp the skull of any man,—Deville fears not, not only to approach, but to beplaster all over that surface about which the German poet raises such a pother!

With regard to the new phrase, *Phrenology*, it has justly been pronounced to be a misnomer: for what has the system to do with the immaterial Phren? Indeed, if we look at Mr. Cruikshank's vignette, of three heads with all the Organs figured upon them, we would say that *Cranioscopy* was the most correct title for the art of cranium-examining. But be the name right or wrong, this method of illuminating our understandings is the most entertaining, perhaps some will imagine the most rational and useful, that has yet appeared. There are half a dozen of plates, with each five designs; some of them full of wit, and none of them deficient in it. For example (Plate I.), the Organs of *Individuality* and *Number* are represented by the *Anatomic Vivante* and the *Sapient Pig*; while *Self-Love* is a *Coxcomb* admiring himself in the glass; *Physical Love*, an *Apothecary* on his knees to a fat *Fair*; and *Philoprogenitiveness* such a family group as would make a stoic laugh. The other plates are equally characteristic, punning, and funning. *Adhesiveness* shews a worthy couple thrown out of

a gig into a pond, and sticking in the mud; *Combateness* is a superb picture of Donnybrook sports; and *Deconstructiveness* is a bull in a China-shop. *Colour* and *Form* are capitally expressed by a Negro and a Dandy; and *Order* by a School, where the birch has its due effects. *Drawing* is a bundle of jests—a Porter drawing a Truck; a Child drawing a Go-cart; a Publican at a window drawing a Cork, and his Wife at another drawing Beer; a Dentist drawing a Tooth; and even a small Bird in a cage drawing up its tiny Water bucket to drink. In this way, thirty of the Organs laid down by Craniology are brought up by the abilities of the artist, whose views of them are curious and original enough to please the very votaries of the system. Among the best fancies are *Ideality*, a fellow in bed seeing ghosts made by his own garments; *Language*, a glorious confabulation of fishwomen at Billingsgate; *Hope*, a hungry devil gnawing a bone, at which a more hungry dog looks wistfully; and *Comparison*, a tall thin chap walking out of *Long Acre* into *Little St. Martin's Lane*, where a dumpy woman, of some forty inches in height, contrasts finely with his seven-foot slender figure.

We can, however, give but a slight idea of this amusing publication, which must be seen and dwelt upon to be properly appreciated, as containing a set of lively and good-humoured caricatures;—a branch of art, by the by, in which there has been a mighty falling off of late years, which renders the present the more acceptable. We congratulate Mr. Cruikshank on having so ably completed his task; he has now nothing else to do but to enjoy his laurels and profits, unless indeed he will take our advice, and submit his own Caput to the grasp of some Phrenological Oracle. We should like much to see the report made upon his bumps. But apropos of heads and bumps; one of the grand divisions of the science is into *feelings* which include *propensities* and *sentiments*. Now the lecturers and

writers on the subject have demonstrated that the brute creation are possessed of this *genus* equally with the human race; thus cats and dogs have their protuberances, which denote their peculiar *propensities or instincts*. But then, there are certain animals which have no heads at all, and consequently no bumps; yet these have their instincts as powerfully developed as if they had skulls

covered with organs! How is this? How do the phrenologists account for all the instinctive natural movements of the *Acephalous* tribes, which have perfect innate propensities, without heads or brains? How is it with *Mollusca*?—Seriously speaking, we think these questions not only unanswerable, but a decisive refutation of the whole system.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

[SEE VOL. V. PAGE 311.]

Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream;  
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!  
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;  
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.

*Richard Third.*

IN the course of a fortnight from the time I parted wi' Maister Glen, the Lauder carrier, limping Jamie, brought his callant to our shop-door in his hand. He was a tall slender laddie, some fourteen year auld, and sair grown away frae his claes. There was something genty and delicate-like about him, having a pale sharp face, blue een, a nose like a hawk's, and lang yellow hair hanging about his haffets, as if barbers were unco scarce cattle amang the howes of the Lammermuir hills. Having a general experience of human nature, I saw that I wad hae something to do towards bringing him into a state of rational civilization; but, considering his opportunities, he had been weel educated, and I liked his appearance on the hail no that ill.

To divert him a while, as I didna intend yoking him to wark the first day, I sent out Benjie wi' him, after gieing him some refreshment of bread and milk, to let him see the town, and all the uncos about it. I telt Benjie first to take him to the auld kirk, which is ane wonderful auncient building; and as for mason-wark, far before anything to be seen or heard tell o' in our day—syne to Lugton brig, which is ane grand affair, hing-

ing ower the muckle water like a rainbow—syne to the Tolbooth, which is a terror to evil doers, and from which the Lord preserve us a'!—syne to the Market, where ye'll see lamb, beef, mutton, and veal, hinging up on cleeks, in roasting and boiling pieces—spar-rib, jigget, shoulder, and heukbane, in the greatest prodigality of abundance;—and syne down to the Duke's gate, by looking through the bonny white-painted iron stanchels of which ye'll see the deer running aneath the green trees; and the palace itsell, in the inside of which dwells ane that needna be proud to ca' the king his cousin.

Brawly did I ken, that it is a wee after a laddie's being loosed frae his mither's apron string, and hurried frae hame, till the mind can mak itsell up to stay amang fremit folk; or that the attention can be roused to onything said or dune, however simple in the uptak. So after Benjie brought Mungo hame again, gey forfaughten and wearied-out like, I bad the wife gie him his four-hours, and tell't him he might gang to his bed as sune as he liket. Jalousing also, at the same time, that creatures brought up in the country have strange notions about them—with respect to super-naturals, such as ghaists, brownies,

fairies, and bogles—to say naething o' witches, warlocks, and eevil speerits, I made Benjie tak aff his claes and lie doun beside him, as I said, to keep him warm; but, in plain matter of fact (between friends), that the callant might sleep sounder, finding himsell in a strange bed, and no very sure as to hoo the house stood as to the matter of a guid name.

Kenning by my own common sense, and from lang experience of the ways of a wicked world, that there is naething like industry, I gaed to Mungo's bedside in the morning, and waukened him betimes. Indeed I'm leeing there—I needna ca' it waukening him—for Benjie tell't me, whan he was supping his parritch out of his luggie at breakfast-time, that he never winkit an ee all night, and that sometimes he heard him greeting to himsell in the dark—such and so powerful is our love of hame, and the force of natural affection. Howsomever, as I was saying, I took him ben the house wi' me, doun to the wark-shop, where I had begun to cut out a pair of nankeen trowsers for a young lad that was to be married the week after to a servant-maid of Maister Wiggie's, —a trig quean, that afterwards made him a guid wife, and the father of a numerous small family.

Speaking of nankeen, I would advise every ane, as a freend, to buy the Indian, and no the British kind—the expense of outlay being ill-hained, even at sixpence a-yard—the latter no standing the washing, but making a man's legs, at a distance, look like those of a yellow yorline.

It behooved me now as a maister, bent on the improvement of his prentice, to commence learning Mungo some few of the mysteries of our trade; so having showed him the way to creuk his hough, (example is better than precept, as James Batter observes,) I taught him the plan of holding the needle; and having fitted his middle finger with a bottomless thumble of our ain sort, I set him to sewing the cotton-lining into one leg, knowing that it was a pairt no very

particular, and no very likely to be seen; so that the matter was not great, whether the stitching was exactly regular, or rather in the zigzag line. As is customary wi' all new beginners, he made a desperate awkward hand at it, and of which I wad of course have said naething, but that he chanced to brogue his thumb, and completely soiled the haill piece of wark wi' the stains of bluid; which, for ae thing, couldna wash out without being seen; and, for anither, was an unlucky omen to happen to a marriage garment.

Every man should be on his guard. This was a lesson I learned whan I was in the volunteers, at the time Buonaparte was expectit to land doun at Dunbar. Luckily for me in this case, I had, by some foolish mistake or anither, made an allowance of a half yard, over and aboon what I fund I could manage to shape on; so I boldly made up my mind to cut out the piece altogether, it being in the back seam. In that business I trust I showed the art of a guid tradesman, having managed to do it so neatly, that it could not be noticed without the narrowest inspection; and having the advantage of a covering by the coat-flaps, had indeed no chance of being so, except on desperate windy days.

On the day succeeding that on which this unlucky mischance happened, an accident amaisht as bad befell, though not to me, farther than that every one is bound, by the Creed and the Ten Commandments, to say naething of his ain conscience, to take a pairt in the afflictions that befall their door-neibours.

When the voice of man was wheisht, and all was sunk in the sound sleep of midnight, it chanced that I was busy dreaming that I was sitting one of the spectawtors, looking at anither play-acting piece of business. Before coming this length, howsomever, I should by right have observed, that afore going to bed, I had eaten for my supper pairt of a black pudding, and twa sausengers, that widow Grassie had sent in a compli-

ment to my wife, being a genteel woman, and mindful of her friends—so that I must have had some sort of night-mare, and no been exactly in my seven senses—else I couldna hae been even dreaming of siccan a place. Weel, as I was saying, in the play-house I thought I was; and, a' at ance, I heard Maister Wiggie, like ane crying in the wilderness, hallooing with a loud voice through the window, bidding me flee from the snares, traps, and gin-nets of the Evil One; and from the terrors of the wrath to come. I was in a terrible funk; and just as I was trying to rise from the seat, that seemed somehow glued to my body and wadna let me; to reach down my hat, which, with its glazed cover, was hingin on a pin to ae side, my face all red, and glowing like a fiery furnace, for shame of being a second time caught in deadly sin, I heard the kirk-bell jow-jowing, as if it was the last trump summoning sinners to their lang and black account; and Maister Wiggie thrust in his arm in his desperation, in a whirlwind of passion, claugthing hold of my hand like a vice, to drag me out head foremost. Even in my sleep, howsomever, it appears that I like free-will, and ken that there are nae slaves in our blessed country, so I tried with all my might to pull against him, and gied his arm siccan a drive back, that he seemed to bleach ower on his side, and raised a hullabulloo of a yell, that not only waukened me, but made me start up-right in my bed.

For all the world such a scene! My wife was roaring, "Murder, murder! Mansie Wauch, will ye no wauken? Murder, murder! ye've felled me wi' ye're nieve—ye've felled me outright—I'm gone for evermair—my haill teeth are down my throat. Will ye no wauken, Mansie Wauch?—will ye no wauken?—Murder, murder!—I say Murder, murder, murder, murder!!!"

"Wha's murdering us?" cried I, throwing my cowl back on the pillow, and rubbing my een in the hurry of a tremendous fright.—"Wha's

murdering us?—where's the rubbers?—send for the town-officer!!"

"Oh, Mansie!—oh, Mansie!" said Nanse, in a kind of greeting tone, "I daursay ye've felled me—but nae matter, now I've gotten ye roused. Do ye no see the haill street in a bleeze of flames? Bad is the best; we maun either be burned to death, or out of house and hall, without a rag to cover our nakedness. Where's my son?—where's my dear bairn, Benjie?"

In a most awful consternation, I jumped at this out to the middle of the floor, hearing the causeway all in an uproar of voices; and seeing the flichtering of the flames glancing on the houses in the opposite side of the street, all the windows of which were filled wi' the heads of half-naked folks, in round-eared mitches, or kilmarnocks; their mouths open, and their een staring wi' fright; while the sound of the fire-engine, rattling through the streets like thunder, seemed like the dead cart of the plague, come to hurry away the corpses of the deceased, for interment in the kirk-yard.

Never such a spectacle was witnessed since the creation of Adam. I pulled up the window, and lookit out—and lo and behold! the very next house to our ain was a' in a low from cellar to garret; the burning joists hissing and crackin like mad; and the very wind that blew along, as warm as if it had been out of the mouth o' a baker's oven!!

It was a most awfu' spectacle! mair betoken to me, who was likely to be intimately concerned wi't; and, beating my brow with my clenched nieve, like a distracted creature, I saw that the labour of my haill life was likely to gang for nought, and me to be a ruined man, all the earnings of my industry being laid out on my stock in trade, and on the plenishing of our bit house. The darkness of the latter days came ower my speerit, like a vision before the prophet Isaiah; and I could see naething in the years to come but beggary and starvation; mysell a fallen-

back auld man, with an out-at-the-elbows coat, a greasy hat, and a bell pow, hirpling ower a staff, requeeshing an awmous—Nanse a broken-hearted beggar wife, torn down to tatters, and weeping like Rachel when she thought on better days, and puir wee Benjie, ganging frae door to door wi' a meal pock on his back.

The thought first dung me stupid, and then drave me to desperation; and not even minding the dear wife of my bosom, that had fainted away as dead as a herring, I pulled on my trowsers like mad, and rushed out into the street, bareheaded and bare-foot as the day that Lucky Bring-thereout brought me into the world.

The crowd saw, in the twinkling of an eyeball, that I was a desperate man, fierce as Sir William Wallace, and no to be withstood by gentle or simple. So maist o' them made way for me; them that tried to stop me finding it a bad job, being heeled ower from right to left, on the braid of their backs, like flounders, without respect of age or person; some auld women, that were obstraplous, being gey sair hurt, and ane o' them with a pain in her hainch even to this day. When I had got almost to the door-cheek of the burning house, I fand ane gruppung me by the back like grim death; and, in looking ower my shoulder, wha was it but Nanse hersell, that, rising up from her feint, had pursued me like a whirlwind. It was a heavy trial, but my duty to mysell in the first place, and to my neibours in the second, roused me up to withstand it; so, making a spend like a greyhound, I left the hinside of my sark in her grasp, like Joseph's garment in the nieve of Potiphar's wife; and up the stairs head foremost amang the flames.

Mercy keep us a'! what a sight for mortal man to gleur at wi' his living een. The bells were tolling amid the dark, like a summons from aboon, for the parish of Dalkeith to pack aff to another world; the drums were beat, beating as if the French

were coming, thousand on thousand, to kill, slay, and devour every maid and mother's son of us; the fire-engine pump—pump—pumping like daft, showering the water like rain-bows, as if the windows of Heaven were opened, and the days of auld Noah come back again; and the rabble throwing the good furniture ower the windows like ingan peelings, where it either felled the folk below, or was dung to a thousand shivers on the causeway. I cried to them, for the love o' gudeness, to mak search in the beds, in case there might be ony weans there, human life being still more precious than human means, but no a living soul was seen but a cat, which, being raised and wild with the din, wad on nae consideration allow itsell to be caught. Jacob Dribble fand that to his cost; for, right or wrang, having a drappie in his head, he swore like a trooper that he would catch her, and carry her down aneath his oxter; so forrit he weared her into a corner, crouching down on his hunkers. He had muckle better have let it alane; for it suffed ower his shoulder like wullfire, and scarting his back all the way down, jumped like a lamplighter head foremost through the flames, where, in the raging and roaring of the devouring element, its pitiful cries were soon hushed to silence for ever and ever, Amen!

At lang and last, a woman's cry was heard on the street, lamenting, like Hagar ower young Ishmael in the wilderness of Beersheba, and crying that her auld grannie, that was a lamiter, and had been bedridden four years come the Martinmas following was burning to a cinder in the fore garret. My heart was like to burst within me, when I heard this dismal news, remembering that I mysell had ance an auld mither, that was now in the mools; so I brushed up the stair like a hatter, and burst open the door of the fore-garret, for in the hurry I could not find the sneek, and didna like to stand on ceremony; I couldna see my finger afore me, and



didna ken my right hand from my left for the smoke ; but I grapit round and round, though the reek maistly cuttit my breath, and made me cough at no allowance, till at lang and last I catched hold of something cauld and clammy, which I gaed a pull, not knowing what it was, but fand out to be the auld wife's nose. I cried out as loud as I was able for the puir creature to hoize hersell up intil my arms ; but, receiving nae answer, I perceived in a moment that she was suffocated, the foul air having gone down her wrang hause ; and, though I had aye a terror at looking at, far less handling a dead corpse, there was something brave within me at the moment, my bluid being up ; so I claught hold of her by the shoulters, and harling her wi' all my might out of her bed, got her lifted on my back, heads and thraws, in the manner of a bow of meal, and away as fast as my legs could carry me.

There was a providence in this haste ; for, ere I was half way down the stair, the floor fell with a thud like thunder, and such a combustion of soot, stoure, and sparks arose, as was never seen or heard tell of in the memory of man, since the day that Sampson pulled ower the pillars in the house of Dagon, and smoored all the mocking Philistines as flat as flounders. For the space of a minute I was as blind as a beetle, and was like to be choked for want of breath ; however, as the dust began to clear up, I saw an open window, and halloed down to the crowd for the sake of mercy to bring a ladder, to save the lives of twa perishing fellow-creatures, for now my ain was also in eminent jeopardy. They were lang of coming, and I didna ken what to do ; so thinking that the auld wife, as she hadna spoken, was maybe dead already, I was ance determined just to let her drop down upon the street ; but I kenn'd that the so doing wad have crackit every bane in her body, and the glory of my bravery wad thus have been worse than lost. I persevered, therefore, though I was fit to fall down

under the dead weight, she no being able to help hersell, and having a deal of beef in her skin for an auld woman of aughty ; and I got a lean, by squeezing her a wee, between me and the wa'.

I thoct they wald never have come, for my shoeless feet were all bruised, and bluiding from the crunched lime and the splinters of the broken stanes ; but, at lang and last, a ladder was hoisted up, and having fastened a kinch of ropes aneath her oxters, I let her slide down ower the upper step, by way of a pillyshee, having the satisfaction of seeing her safely landit in the arms of seven auld wives, that were waiting with a cosey warm blanket below. Having accomplished this grand manoeuvre, wherein I succeeded in saving the precious life of a woman of aughty, that had been four lang years bedridden, I trippit down the staps mysell, like a nine-year-auld ; and had the pleasure, when the roof fell in, to ken, that I, for ane, had done my duty ; and that, to the best of my knowledge, nae leev-ing creature, except the puir cat, had perished within the jaws of the devouring element.

But, bide a wee ; the wark was, as yet, only half done. The fire was still roaring and raging, every puff of wind that blew through the black firmament, driving the red sparks high into the air, where they died away like the tail of a comet, or the train of a skyracket, the joisting, crazing, cracking, and tumbling down ; and now and then the bursting cans, playing flee in a hundred flinders from the chumley-heads. One would have naturally enuech thoct that our engine could have drowned out a fire of any kind whatsoever in half a second, scores of folks driving about with pitcherfu's of water, and scaling half o't on ane anither and the causeway in their hurry ; but, wae's me ! it didna play puh on the red-het stanes, that whizzed like iron in a smiddy trough ; so, as soon as it was darkness and smoke in ae place, it was fire and fury in

anither. My anxiety was now great: seeing that I had done my best for my neibours, it behoved me now, in my turn, to try and see what I could do for mysel; so, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my friend James Batter, whom Nanse, kenning I had bare feet, had sent out to seek me, with a pair of shoon in his hand; and who, in scarting his head, mostly ruggit out every hair of his wig with sheer vexation, I ran off, and mounted the ladder a second time, and succeeded, after muckle speeling, in getting upon the top of the wa', where, having a bucket slung up to me by means of a rope, I swashed down such showers on the top of the flames, that I soon did mair good, in the space of five minutes, than the engine and the ten men, that were all in a broth of perspiration with pumping it, did the hail nicht ower, to say nothing of the multitude of drawers of water, men, wives, and weans, with their cudies, leglins, pitchers, pails, and water stoups; having the satisfaction, in a short time, to observe every thing getting as black as the crown of my hat, and the gable of my ain house growing as cool as a cucumber.

Being a man of method, and acquent with business, I could have likit to have finished my wark before coming down; but, losh me! sic a whinging, girning, greeting, and roaring, got up, all of a sudden, as was never seen or heard o' since Jeremiah raised his lamentations; and, looking down, I saw Benjie, the bairn of my ain heart, and the callant Glen, my apprentice on trial, that had baith been as sound as taps till this blessed moment, standing in their night-gowns and their little red cows, rubbing their een, cowering wi' cauld and fright, and making an awfu' uproar, crying on me to come down, and no be killed. The voice of Benjie especially pierced through and through my heart, like a two-edged sword, and, I could, on no manner of account, suffer myself to bear them ony langer, as I jaloused

the bairn wad have gane into convulsion fits if I hadna heeded him; so, making a sign to them to be quiet, I cam my ways down, taking haud o' ane in ilka hand, which must have been a faitherly sight to the spectawtors that saw us. After waiting on the crown of the causeway for half an hour, to make sure that the fire was extinguished, and all tight and right, I saw the crowd scaling, and thocht it best to gang in too, carrying the twa youngsters along wi' me. When I began to move aff, however, siccan a cheering o' the multitude got up, as wad have deafened a cannon; and, though I say it mysel wha sudna say't, they seemed struck with a sore amazement at my heroic behaviour, following me with loud cheers, even to the threshold of my ain door.

From this folk should condescend to take a lesson, seeing that, though the world is a bitter bad world, yet that good deeds are not only a reward to themselfs, but call forth the applause of Jew and Gentile; for the sweet savour of my conduct on this memorable night, remained in my nostrils for gudeness kens the length of time, many praising my brave humanity, in public companies, and assemblies of the people, such as strawberry ploys, council meetings, danner parties, and sae forth; and mony in private conversation at their ain inglecheek, by way of twa-handed crack, in stage-coach confab, and in causeway talk i' the forenoon, afore going in to take their meridiums. Indeed, between freen's, the business proved in the upshot of nae sma' advantage to me, bringing to me a sowl of strange faces, by way of customers, baith gentle and semple, that, I verily believe, hadna sae muckle as ever heard o' my name afore, and gieing me mony a coat to cut, and claith to shape, that, but for my gallant behaviour on the fearsome nicht aforesaid, wad have been cut, sewed, and shapit by ither hands. Indeed, considering the great noise the thing made in the world, it is nae wonder that every ane was ank-

ious to hae a garment of wearing apparel made by the individual same hands that had succeeded, under Providence, in saving the precious life of an auld woman of aught, that had been bedridden, some say, four years come Yule, and ither, come Martinmas.

When we got to the ingle-side, and, barring the door, saw that all was safe, it was now three in the morning; so we thought it by much the best way of managing, not to think of sleeping any more, but to be on the look-out—as we aye used to be, when walking sentry in the volunteers—in case the flames should, by any mischancy accident or ither, happen to break out again. My wife blamed my hardihood muckle, and the rashness with which I had ventured at ance to places where even masons and sclaters were afraid to pit foot on, yet I saw, in the interim, that she lookit on me with a prouder ee; kenning hersell the helpmate o' ane that had courageously riskit his neck, and every bane in his skin, in the cause of humanity. I saw this as plain as a pikestaff, as, wi' ane o' her kindest looks, she insisted on my pitting on a better happing to screen me from the cauld, and on my taking something comfortable inwardly towards the dispelling of bad consequences. So, after half a minute's stand-out, by way of refusal like, I agreed to a cupful of het-pint, as I thought it would be a thing Mungo Glen might never have had the good fortune to have tasted; and as it might operate by way of a cordial on the callant Benjie, wha keepit aye sma'ly, and in a dwinning way. No sooner said than done—and aff Nanse brushed in a couple of hurries to make the het-pint.

After the sma' beer was putten into the pan to boil, we fand, to our

great mortification, that there were nae eggs in the house, and Benjie was sent out with a candle to the hen-house, to see if ony of the hens had laid sin' gloaming, and fetch what he could get. In the middle of the mean time, I was expatiating to Mungo on what taste it would have, and hoo he had never seen onything finer than it wad be, when in ran Benjie, a' out o' breath, and his face as pale as a dishclout.

"What's the matter, Benjie, what's the matter?" said I till him, rising up frae my chair in a great hurry of a fricht—"Has onybody killed ye? or is the fire broken out again? or has the French landit? or have ye seen a ghaist? or are—"

"Ae crifty!" cried Benjie, coming till his mind, "they're a' aff—cock and hens and a'—there's naething left but the rotten nest-egg in the corner!"

This was an awfu' dispensation, of which mair hereafter. In the midst of the desolation of the fire—sic is the depravity of human nature—some neerdoweels had taen advantage of my absence to break open the hen-house door, and our hail stock o' poultry, the cock alang wi' our seven hens—tw a o' them tappit, and ane muffed, were carried awa bodily, stoup and roup.

On this subject, hoosomever, I shall say nae mair in this chapter, but merely observe in conclusion, that, as to our het-pint, we were obligated to make the best of a bad bargain, making up wi' whusky what it wanted in eggs; though our banquet could nae be called altogether a merry aune, the joys of our escape from the horrors of the fire, being damped, as it were, by a wet blanket, on account of the nefarious pil-laging of our hen-house.

#### DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

**T**HE domestic usages of the fourteenth century were not less different from those of the present time, than the ancient castle was

from the modern palace. The hours allotted to eating seem to have been in progressive advancement, though with increasing rapidity, ever since

this period. The baron of the fourteenth century took his morning cup, heard mass, and dined at ten o'clock; his day was after dinner. The morning cup was undoubtedly filled with wine; it is not said that any solid refreshment accompanied it, nor did there need any, when dinner was served at so early an hour.

The dinner of a powerful baron was eaten in the great hall of his castle, where his guests, knights and squires, assembled before he made his appearance. When he entered, one of the most considerable of his knights held the silver bason for him to wash his hands, while another stood ready with a fine napkin for him to dry them; after which the whole company washed. Washing hands before eating was a regular ceremony, and not a useless one: for forks were unknown, and fingers performed their office. The lord having seated himself at a table at the upper end of the hall, the company took their places at the different tables, and above or below the salt, in the middle of each, according to their rank or degree; their places being assigned them with the nicest precision, by the comptroller of the household, bearing his staff of office. No person sat at the table of the lord but his family, and nobles or prelates who might happen to be his guests, and none but these presumed to speak, unless he began the conversation. The dishes, plates, spoons, and cups were generally of silver, and sometimes of gold. I believe there was no medium between the silver plate and the wooden trencher.

When dinner was ended the tables were removed: for as the seats were wooden forms, and the tables were probably boards laid on tressels, it was less difficult to remove the latter than the former. Wine with spices, or, as I imagine, wine in which spices had been infused, was served round to the company, and this was always the signal for them to separate. After the Count de Foix had dined with the King of France at Toulouse, and the wine and spices had been served as usual, comfits

were brought in a comfit-box of gold, divided into different compartments. This was a distinguishing mark of respect shewn to sovereigns, and bestowed by them on persons whom they intended especially to honour. On the present occasion the comfit-box was offered to the King by a nobleman, to the Duke of Bourbon and the Count of Foix by two knights; and it was offered to no other person, though two of the King's cousins were present.

The Count de Foix gave a splendid dinner in return, to the uncle and brother of the King of France, and upwards of two hundred French knights. The tables were ornamented with many curious dishes and devices, and the knights of Foix and Bearne waited on the company. After dinner, the French and Gascons tried their skill and strength against each other, in wrestling, pitching the bar, and throwing the javelin. Indigestion was neither known nor feared. Who now would venture on such rude exercise after such a dinner? The same King of France, Charles the Sixth, on occasion of a double marriage in his family, was waited on at dinner by several of the principal lords of his court, mounted on large war-horses.

Supper was an important meal in the fourteenth century, and the time for conversation, minstrelsy, and calm enjoyment, after the toils of war, the fatigues of the chase, or the perplexities of business were ended. The same ceremonies were observed as at dinner, and, at night, torches were held by servants. Froissart, from whose chronicles the above particulars respecting Charles the Sixth of France and the Count de Foix are taken, tells us that the servants of Sir Amery de Bodeny, who had arrived at a village about noon, were soon after found preparing supper. He also says that, when Richard the Second of England visited his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, at Pleshy, for the purpose of having him assassinated, the Duke had finished his supper before five o'clock, and sup-

per was again brought out for the King. We need not history to inform us that the manners of France and England were nearly the same at this period, for the communication between the two countries was incessant; several of the French provinces belonged to England, and Aquitaine, the neighbour of Bearne, had been lately under the personal government of Edward the Black Prince.

In the course of something more than four centuries, the hour of breakfast has overtaken the hour of dinner, and dinner has made nearly half the diurnal revolution of the globe. In 1512, the first date of the Northumberland Household Book, the gates of the lord's castle were shut at eleven o'clock, and the tables were laid for dinner. The lord and his family now dined at the first table in the *dining-room*, with such of their guests as were noble, and they were waited on by gentleman brought up in the castle, and worth from two to seven hundred pounds a year. A second table was for knights and honourable gentlemen, who were attended by footmen; and the tables in the hall, three in number, were consigned to the principal officers of the household and gentlemen guests under the degree of a knight, who were served from the table of the lord. It is remarkable that the chaplains, of whom there were no fewer than eleven, dined with the housekeeper in her apartment. In 1715, when Pope wrote to Martha Blount, in the country, she was said to

"Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon."

Noon was, by this time, an unfashionably early hour, associated with the character of an unbred country squire, and, the retiring to rest soon after seven o'clock; but it is observable that, long after this period, the word afternoon implied after dinner. The fashionable hour of dinner, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was three o'clock, from which time it has advanced with ra-

pid strides to the present; when a man of middling station will invite his friend to an early dinner at five o'clock, and a man of fashion will sit down to dinner at eight or nine. Dinner has been thus encroaching upon afternoon till it has fairly, or rather unfairly, elbowed it out of the world. It has even lost its place in the English language; and, as Addison said of the days at Rome, it may be said of our's, "They are like those of the first chapter of Genesis, the evening and the morning make the day." As to supper, it is either banished from society, or shorn of its honours by being brought in a tray. What is there in this but a name? Light and darkness return at never-varying periods, and we feel hunger at much the same intervals as before—words only differ. A hot luncheon has sprung up in the place of dinner, and we dine poorly and sup profusely, instead of dining plentifully and supping slightly.

But to return to the fourteenth century. At the lower end of the hall of a castle was a door which opened into a passage leading to the offices; and half way along the passage was a hatch, or half door, which divided the territories of the cooks from those of the serving men; on the top of the hatch was a broad shelf, on which the meats were placed by one party, and from which they were carried into the hall by the other. The kitchen was spacious; furnished with enormous spits, immeasurable boilers, huge dressers, and a massive table. The cellar contained tuns of wine and strong beer; the buttery, stacks of cold meat and piles of butter and cheese; the bakehouse, capacious ovens, and inexhaustable bins of meal. Such was the provision necessary for the feudal baron, his resident knights and squires, his family and guests, his menials and his soldiers; for his dwelling was a fortress, and his soldiers were a garrison.

The space allotted to the inmates of a castle bore no proportion to the food provided for their sustenance. Whoever has seen the magnificent

castle of Caernarvon, in the principal tower of which a Queen of England brought forth an heir to the throne, must have some idea of the contracted space allowed to others. The state beds were few and small, and every nook capable of containing a bed received one of some description. Darkness, if it were not total, was esteemed no impediment to sufficient accommodation; and loopholes, where an apartment was favoured with them, admitted no inconsiderable light; for, though they might not exceed six inches in width on the outside, they frequently expanded to six feet within, as they sloped gradually through the thickness of the wall. Soldiers, whether men at arms, bowmen, or archers, lay on straw spread on the floors, and were as closely packed as negroes on board a slave-ship.

The grand business of life was war; its grand amusement was the chase. A superior hound was a present for a prince. The count of Foix and Bearne had sixteen hundred hounds of various sorts, and hunted summer and winter; his forests affording him a never-failing supply of wolves, bears, and wild boars. The boar's head, the trophy of the chase, was always adorned with rosemary, served in great state, and was the first dish placed on the table.

The son of the baron was early initiated in deeds of knighthood; he grasped his little lance, mounted his hobby, and performed his mimic courses in the court of his father's castle. The hobbies of the fourteenth century were real horses, though small ones; but time has bestowed the name on the inanimate sticks, on which boys made their first attempts at horsemanship, and is transferring it to any object pursued with childish avidity. The embryo hunter was not less apparent than the future knight. The boy was acquainted with his father's favourite hounds, caressed them, and of course whipped them; but the generous animals would remember the kindness and forget the stripes.

The wardship of an heiress included the appropriation of her revenue till she married or were of age; and the guardian commonly appropriated it to his own use. The heiress herself was equally at his disposal; and her hand was either sold for money or given as his interest might direct.

Among the domestic amusements of the fourteenth century was chess; cards were invented towards the end of the century. The needle, the use of which is the peculiar advantage of woman, afforded to ladies an inexhaustible fund of amusement; dancing, singing, and carolling were common to both sexes. It may be doubted whether knights in general could read; but it is certain that they employed clerks, that is, priests, to write their letters and pen their challenges. Signatures were not in use; or if that of Edward the Black Prince be extant, as it is said to be, it is one of the earliest known: the seal was considered a sufficient testimony.

Letters to and from princes were sent by heralds, and delivered on the knee; the bearer was rewarded with a sum of money, or clothed in cloth of gold, or presented with a robe lined with minever. The same liberality was exercised towards the minstrels of princes, who frequently accompanied their masters on their visits.

The ancient baron was observant of the the exercises of religion; but, except in the alms distributed daily at his gate, its spirit was unknown or forgotten. His chaplain was as indispensable as his cook; his mass invariably preceded his dinner; and if he suffered a captive to languish and expire in one of his dungeons, or had him precipitated from the top of one of his towers, atonement was made by an additional number of masses, or a penance enjoined by a domestic ecclesiastic, who would probably show some lenity towards the failings of his lord. Sir, was a title prefixed to the name of a secular priest, as well as to that of a knight.



## A THIEF DETECTED WITH THE STOLEN GOODS.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

**A** FARMER in the country sent a message to his friend, living a few miles distant, by the hands of one of his labourers, who, arriving at the place of his destination, as the person for whom it was intended could not be seen immediately, was desired to wait in the kitchen until his master's friend should have time to speak with him. He did so; and, in a few minutes, the maid-servant having work to do elsewhere, and not suspecting his honesty, left him alone. But being either thievishly disposed or suddenly overtaken by temptation, in an evil moment, he cast longing eyes upon a quantity of butter which lay exposed, ready prepared for market, in lumps of a pound each. Thinking it probable that one pound would not be missed, but not knowing how to carry it off, as his jacket had no pocket large enough to hold it, he at length thought of his hat, laid hands upon a pound of the butter, put it in, and replaced the covering on his head. Shortly after this, the maid returned into the kitchen, and instantly perceived her loss.

Being afraid to accuse the man herself, she apprized her master of the robbery, who, after considering the best method of detecting the thief, hurried to the kitchen, asked the man his business, and received the message in due form. The messenger then desired to know what answer he should return. I will tell you presently, said the farmer; meanwhile you shall take something to eat and drink. The man begged to be excused, saying he had a long walk before him; but the farmer would not let him depart.

The kitchen fireplace was one of antique construction, such as may yet be seen in country farm-houses. It was built of dimensions so capacious as to admit of two seats, within it, one on each side of the fire which blazed upon the earth. Each seat

admitted of two persons in such a manner, that when two were seated, the innermost sat precisely in the chimney corner, and was enclosed on all sides: in front, by the fire; behind and upon one side, by brick and mortar; and upon the only remaining side, by the person who sat next. Into this snug corner the farmer compelled his unwilling guest, and immediately taking possession of the outer seat, kept him a close prisoner.

The latter fearing lest the theft should be discovered, had uniformly omitted to take off his hat; and the keen farmer, noticing this suspicious circumstance with an observing eye, concluded that the butter was therein concealed, and determined to make him confess, without charging him with the theft. For this end he had forced him into this warm region, knowing that by the side of a hot fire he would soon be in an awkward predicament. The farmer ordered the servant to draw some beer, and bring the bread and cheese. This was quickly done, and the guest partook of it with an apparent good-will and hearty appetite, but was in reality greatly perplexed, and anxious to be gone. In the meanwhile the farmer kept firm to his side, and stirred up the fire to entertain him as warmly as possible. At length having finished his bread and cheese and beer, he entreated to be gone. "You shan't go yet," said the farmer, "you haven't half warmed yourself: it's a cold day, remember." And as no excuse would serve, he was compelled to wait until his master's friend should please to dismiss him.

Now, as with the excessive heat of the fire the butter began to liquefy, the poor fellow became alarmed. The butter melted yet more, he could feel a few drops trickling down his cheeks; he was violently agitated, but strove to conceal his emotion. At last, as from a fountain, it poured

copiously down his hair, forehead, and cheeks, and streamed over his clothes to the ground. The poor fellow, unable to refrain, burst into an agony of tears. "Mercy on me," cried the farmer, with well feigned astonishment, rising from his seat, and walking to the middle of the room, "why, what's the matter with the man? what are you crying about? and what is this running down your face?" The culprit, seeing an open

way to escape from his fiery ordeal, followed the master, and, confessing his offence, fell down on his knees, weeping and sobbing aloud, and imploring forgiveness. The farmer had now attained his object; he had brought him to confess his crime: and seeing him contrite for his fault, and conceiving he had already sufficiently punished him, he was dismissed, with an admonition to—go, and steal no more.

#### LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

**I**T should seem, that the leading feature of the French character is love of ridicule; and the English wight, especially, (whether he come in contact with the French peer or the French peasant,) may content himself with the certainty of contributing his portion of nutriment to this ever craving appetite. In an encounter of small wit, our neighbours have invariably the advantage.

One summer evening, as we were winding our way through the grass grown streets of Fontainebleau, intending to enjoy a walk in the skirts of its beautiful forest, my shawl was nearly pulled off by the claws of a miserable kitten, which clung to me with the most piteous cries; I took it up; it was a mere skeleton, and it was not because I have any particular affection for the feline race, but that it is painful to see any living creature in a state of torture, more especially when the sufferer makes so direct and imperative appeal to one's humanity as this little kitten did to mine, that I regarded the wretched mass of skin and bones I held in my hand with a sensation of real distress, in which my companions fully participated, and we resolved to indulge ourselves with the luxury of seping the animal eat. In the fulfilment of this purpose, we valiantly exposed ourselves to a brisk fire of that peculiar species of impertinence in which the French excel. We approached a committee of an-

cient gossips, who had ranged themselves in a line under a tailor's shop-board, and to whom *Les Angloises* were already, evidently enough, the objects of discussion and amusement, and held up some pence, requesting one of them would take the trouble to procure the kitten some meat, promising to reward her compliance; one of the old ladies instantly departed on the mission, but her associates, flanked by the tailors, now began to pour in a round of *persiflage*. One of them expatiated on the beauty of the creature which Mesdames had selected for their protégée; another affected the grimace of sympathy, and half-closing her eyes and keeping her hand to her bosom, cried, "*La pauvre misérable! Ah bon Dieu! Cela me fait mal au Cœur.*" A child belonging to the tailor came forth with its supper of smoking bread and milk in its hand, and humanely invited poor famished pussy to partake, but starved as it was, pussy shook her whiskers, and recoiled from the scalding food—"Ah! *voilà donc!*" cried one of the tailors, "*Comme l'intelligence de cet animal est admirable! Elle sait Choisir—Cela n'accorde pas avec ses idées.*" It really required patience and courage to stand the brunt of this small shot; yet we held our ground heroically, albeit we were right glad to see our old messenger return with some raw meat from a butcher's stall, and no less so was

the poor kitten, who sprang upon the woman with all the eagerness of famine. It was now observed, with a very demure look, that it was a thousand pities the cat had so little command of her appetite, as it could not but justify the apprehension of her being attacked during the night by a very severe fit of indigestion. All this quizzing was performed with the utmost gravity, and in a style worthy professors of the art;—we, meanwhile, affecting carelessness, or utter ignorance of their meaning, and smothering as well as we might our internal consciousness, resolved that to stand for a quarter of an hour *en butte* to the success and ridicule of our fellow-creatures, be they of whatever class, country, or condition, is not a pleasant predicament; and yet I have since felt indebted to the poor kitten for the opportunity she afforded me of making my observations on the peculiar humour of a people. The French always loved ridicule, but, I believe that before the Revo-

lution the propensity was more tempered by the alleged national politeness; at present, amongst the lower classes at least, it partakes of a bitter, acrimonious spirit.

It is but candour to acknowledge, that in all probability, the anecdote of the cat might have exposed us to the animadversions of honest John Bull himself; but instead of admiring the discrimination of a kitten's *ideas*, or anticipating for it an indigestion, he would have pitched his song to a minor key, and it would have run somewhat in the following strain: "Aye! Who thanks them for making such a fuss about a bit of a beast! I warrant if it was a Christian it might starve and welcome." Which charitable conclusion would be grunted forth under the sanction of a countenance as gruff as the sentiment. Is it national prejudice that makes me a thousand times prefer the blunt sulkiness of the latter, to the refinement of Gallic persiflage?

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### VARIETIES.

#### PERPLEXITIES OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

DR. JOHNSON once said to his friend Reynolds, "the world, my dear *Renny*, (he had a diminutive for every body whom he loved) has nothing to do with the difficulties of a man's art." To which sage remark, poor Goldsmith, with his usual naivete, betwixt a sigh and a groan, ejaculated, "the more's the pity, doctor Johnson."

Now there was nothing supereminently poetical in this remark, nor superlatively wise, perhaps; yet, nevertheless, the short apostrophe of doctor *Noll*, (for so he was occasionally dubbed by the sage, the said doctor Sam, as he good humouredly, when he happened to be in a good humour, dubbed himself)—the said apostrophe of Goldsmith mightily tickled Johnson's fancy. He, therefore, gently rolling his head, a laugh lurking in the corner of his eye, and looking

with his usual benevolence upon the poet, resumed, "Why, sir, I do not see why the world *should* have any thing to do with the difficulties of a man's art: if, sir, arts were not obnoxious to idleness, every idler would aspire to art—and then, sir, neither would Reynolds be *eminent*, Goldsmith be *pre-eminent*, nor Sam Johnson be *super-eminent*. No, sir, these things are best ordained as they be." He then proceeded, descanting with all the richness of his prolific fancy, to shew that the "difficulties of art constituted the delight of art;" and pretty well convinced his auditors, such was the power of his logic, "that the only drawback to this delight consisted in the poverty of human ingenuity, in not being able to add aught to the common stock of turmoil in the field of science."

"Lord bless him!" ejaculated Gainsborough, then sketching the

Protean phiz of Garrick, who related this story with malicious composure, while harrowing up the very soul of the painter, by playing all sorts of tricks with his facial muscles. "Lord bless the man!—that Johnson! whom either much learning hath made him stark mad, or much philosophy hath made a fool," said Gainsborough: "confound him! I wish he had your green-room front to finish, for, devil take me," throwing his tools away with a vengeance, "if I can make any thing of you." "Why no, man," replied Garrick, coolly picking up the fitches, sables, and hog's-hair tools, "to be sure, Tom, painting of human noddles, as Sancho says, is *not tarts and cheese-cakes*." "But, Davy, may I be bastinadoed if your's is human," replied Gainsborough. Garrick seized the maul-stick, and Gainsborough parried with his palette. There was an end to painting for that day; and the two cronies made their peace over the dinner by an additional bottle of the painter's *note bene* claret.

#### HOPPNER.

That the tantalisation of his daily drudgery brought poor Hoppner to an untimely grave, is as undubitable a fact as that his portraits are *fac-similies* of their originals.

"There are faces," said this cynic, "without features, and features without faces." An alderman's lady says, "La! Mr. Hoppner, Sir John looks too grave." "Why, madam," replies the painter, "'tis the only way to make a sitter escape looking like a fool." "But why not make Sir John smile?" "A *smile* in painting is a *grin*, and a *grin* is a *growl*, and a *growl* is a *bite*—and I'll not alter it," said the half-mad irritable painter: "and if I paint another subject, short of a lord mayor, I'll be d—d!"

#### SKILL IN ARCHERY.

Miracha, who was the cause of the death of Tamerlane, his father, succeeded him in the empire of India. All the Rajas were not equally submissive to the son of their vanquish-

er. The king of Cascar took arms against Miracha, and the evil genius which constantly persecuted the son of Tamerlane, delivered him into the hands of the Indian king. He was made prisoner in a combat; but the conqueror made a generous use of his victory. He restored his captive to liberty on the sole condition of the kingdom of Cascar being for the future exempt from tribute. Miracha, who had as often as seven times experienced fortune adverse to his arms in his wars with the prince, was at last so fortunate as to defeat and take him prisoner in his turn. The Tartar proved that he had less humanity and generosity than the Indian. He kept him prisoner, and put out his eyes. Ingratitude of so deep a dye was punished by the very individual who had been the subject of it. He made use of the following artifice:—The Tartars have always had the reputation of being superior in archery, and in darting the javelin, to all other nations. The Tartar soldiery were daily accustomed to the exercise of shooting at a mark. Miracha himself excelled in this kind of diversion, and as he fancied himself unrivalled, he was astonished to learn that the Raja of Cascar, blind as he was, could hit a mark with the greatest precision, provided he heard a sound to proceed from the spot at which it was necessary to take aim. The story of this surprising skill of the Raja appeared to the king quite fabulous. He therefore commanded that his prisoner should be brought into his presence, being surrounded at the time by all the officers of his court. A bow and arrow were placed in his hands, and he was ordered to suspend drawing the bow till the word commanding him to do so should be given. The Raja assuming in his misfortunes an air of haughtiness which became him: "I shall not obey," he said, "in this place, any one but my conqueror; no other person has a right to command me. As soon as I hear the king's voice commanding me to let fly the arrow, I shall obey his mandate." Having

thus spoken, he placed himself in an attitude to obey the prince, as soon as he should give the word. Miracha then raising his voice, ordered him to let fly the arrow at the spot whence his voice proceeded. At these words the Raja obeyed; the bow was drawn, and the arrow entered the body of Miracha. He was carried off expiring, and the Raja was hewn in pieces by Miracha's guards.—Miracha died in the year 1451, after a reign of forty-six years.

#### CHILDREN.

A family in France who have no children, adopt as their own a fine child belonging to a friend, or more generally to some poor person, (for the laws of population in the poor differ from those in the rich); the adoption is regularly enregistered by the civil authorities, and the child becomes heir-at-law to the property of its new parents, and cannot be disinherited by any subsequent caprice of the parties; they are bound to support it suitably to their rank, and indeed to do everything due to their own offspring.

#### MATCH-MAKERS.

There are at least a dozen advertising match-makers in Paris; and every day in the year we find, in the *petites affiches*, advertisements of maids and widows with from £500 to £50,000 fortune. The most celebrated of these match-makers is a M. Villiaume, a man decidedly born with the organ of conjunction, wherever it may lie; and he has proved that great wit to madness is nearly allied: the providing for so many damsels turned his brain, and poor Villiaume was sent to Charenton (Bedlam); but his ruling passion was strong in madness; and one of his first projects on arriving there was to marry all the lunatics to each other. His plan was never to make ill-assorted matches. He, therefore, carefully inquired of each crazy inmate what was his rank in society and the state of his fortune; and he was delighted to find that he was in

the very cream of society. There was a couple of emperors, five kings, princes, dukes, marquisses, counts, barons, and generals in abundance. They all possessed most splendid fortunes. Villiaume entered every item in a book, and each signed the document that concerned him, *ne varietur*; and in another book they signed an engagement to Villiaume to pay him a handsome percentage on the fortunes of the ladies they might marry. In the meantime, he found means to get a message sent to the female ward, requesting the ladies to state their rank, ages, fortunes, &c. Answers came from them all in the same style as that of the men; and Villiaume anticipated a golden harvest, in the firm persuasion that all the accounts furnished were accurate and unquestionable. Unfortunately, a few ice poultices on M. Villiaume's head dissipated the splendid dream, and he found the surest negotiations would be at his old establishment in the Rue Neuve St. Eustache.

#### MONTESQUIEU AND THE POPE.

The Pope was so delighted with Montesquieu, that, in order to give him the highest mark of his satisfaction, he dispensed him from fasting in Lent, and permitted him to eat meat if he chose all the year round. A brief was prepared in the apostolic chancery to this effect, and Montesquieu was called upon to pay a considerable sum for the fees, which he declined, saying, "His Holiness' word is quite sufficient for me; and my asserting that he has given it, will perfectly satisfy the *curé* of my parish, so that I have no occasion for any parchment documents."

#### A SCHOOL-BOY BISHOP.

Sometime after Louis XIV. had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishoprick of Meaux, he asked the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your majesty, we like him pretty well." "Pretty well! why what fault have you to find with him?" "To tell your majesty the truth, we would have preferred

having a bishop who had finished his education; for whenever we wait upon him we are told that *he is at his studies.*"

#### IMITATIVE GOLD.

M. Dittmer has shown, in the Hanoverian Magazine, that the following mixture, compounded by Dr. Hermsstadt, may be substituted for gold, not only with respect to colour, but also to specific gravity, density, and ductility; sixteen parts of virgin platinum, seven of copper, and one of zinc, equally pure; place these metals together in a crucible, cover them with powdered charcoal, and melt them completely into a single mass.

#### PRINTING UPON ZINC.

At the book-store of Leake, at Darmstadt, has appeared the first great work whose prints are taken from plates of zinc; it is a collection of architectural monuments, which will consist of twenty numbers. The drawings are made upon zinc as upon stone, and the expense of engraving is thus avoided. The editor is, in consequence, able to sell each number, containing twelve folio plates, at five francs, upon common paper. In an economical point of view, this process deserves to be recommended.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Stanley Tales.*—This is a very amusing little periodical. In external appearance it resembles in some degree, that scissors and paste publication, the *Percy Anecdotes*, and like it is to be of monthly recurrence. It has, however, much stronger claims on public attention. Instead of anecdotes, it is devoted to short tales, original, translated, and selected; many of which are of a highly interesting character. Two numbers of the *Stanley Tales* have now made their appearance, and, if we except now and then a little slovenliness in the versions from foreign languages, they afford very favourable specimens of what in future may be expected from the work. The parts already before the public contain about twenty stories, and

form one volume. They are neatly printed, and published at a very moderate price.

#### *Reflection, by Mrs. Hoffland.*—

This is a very pleasing volume, from the pen of the authoress of that charming story, the "*Son of a Genius.*" Mrs. Hoffland is a writer to whom the rising generation are greatly indebted. She usually avoids those strained and unnatural incidents to be found in most modern novels, and which are so apt to vitiate the taste and enervate the mind. *Reflection* is the fourth of a series of tales written on the same plan.

*Essay on Mind.*—This poem is said to be the production of a young lady; and if so, it does her very great credit. It is clever, but too ethical to be popular. Indeed, we question much if Pope's *Essay on Man* would have succeeded to any great extent, had its publication been delayed until now.

The account of the present Lord Byron's voyage to the Sandwich Islands will be published early in the winter, illustrated by some very spirited plates. The volume is said to abound in the most curious and interesting particulars. The dagger by which Captain Cook was slain has been brought over, with many other relics of that great navigator.

Sir William Ouseley is about to publish his "*Anecdotes of Eastern Bibliography,*" a work originally founded on the descriptive catalogue of his own Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which above twenty years ago, amounted in numbers to four hundred volumes.

A new life of Garrick is said to be in preparation, which promises to afford a rich treat to the admirers of the drama. It will comprise upwards of two thousand letters to and from Garrick, printed from the originals, lately in the possession of his widow. There will also be introduced, a long and curious account, in Garrick's hand-writing, of the origin and history of Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

A Mr. Perceval is about to publish a history of France.